THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

MRS. WILLEBRANDT'S RECIPE FOR ENFORCEMENT

"PERFECTLY BULLY!" one press writer imagines the late Theodore Roosevelt saying to Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt anent the stir caused by the latter's series of newspaper articles on "The Inside of Prohibition." For this stir, we are reminded, is not a mere matter of editorials and indignant letters to editors, but the former Assistant Attorney-General's "veracity is called into question by James Francis Burke, of Pittsburgh, legal counsel of the Republican National Committee; she is denounced by F. Scott McBride, of the Anti-Saloon League; and a former Prohibition officer in St. Louis threatens a million-dollar libel suit." Mrs. Willebrandt's frankness is generally acknowledged by editors, altho she by no means escapes some newspaper criticism. The Omaha *World-Herald* calls her "a brilliant and capable woman who seems to have an extraordinary talent for making mischief." The Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* finds her, in the light of what somebody calls "Mabel's Memoirs," to be an "exceedingly egotistical" person. And the Milwaukee *Journal* praises her clear-cut, vigorous style, while the Boston *Herald* confesses itself disappointed, and thinks "Mrs. Willebrandt has done hardly more than to decant the old arguments into new containers."

International Newsreel photograph

"I HAVE HAD A LOT OF FUN IN THE STRUGGLE"

So says Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who recently returned to private practise of the law, after eight years of enforcing Prohibition as Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, and who now tells what she thinks of politics, Prohibition enforcement, and enforcers.

What Mrs. Willebrandt has done is to justify some of her own actions, especially in connection with the famous Ohio speech in last fall's campaign; to review the story of enforcement, explaining failures and successes, and to make suggestions for effective enforcement. It seems to the Boston *Globe* that the drys, especially those represented by the Anti-Saloon League, are "souring" on the Willebrandt story, while the wets are about evenly divided between those who are speechless in amazement, "and those who believe that whatever inadvertent help the former Assistant Attorney-General is giving their cause, it is well she is out of an official job." It might be said right here that the editors who have the most to say about the Willebrandt story are Democrats, who do not mind the falling out among the Republican higher-ups, and wets who think that Mrs. Willebrandt has perhaps quite unintentionally furnished ammunition to those who consider Prohibition unenforceable.

Mabel Walker Willebrandt, it may be remembered, after having been Assistant Attorney-General for eight years, and in charge of Prohibition cases, resigned and left office on June 15, to become attorney for aircraft interests. Her story of Prohibition enforcement was syndicated this month by Current News Features, Inc., and appeared daily for three weeks in a number of newspapers throughout the country. At the outset, Mrs. Willebrandt defends herself against bigotry charges, affirming that she is not a member of any church, and was not an active Prohibitionist before taking office, being a teetotaler now, but having used liquor in moderation before the advent of Prohibition. Explaining the famous Springfield, Ohio, "speech to the Methodists"—in which she called upon 2,000 pastors to "swing the election" with Ohio's 600,000 Methodists—she explained that it dealt with Prohibition, not religion; that she did not make it as a free lance, but upon the urging of the Republican National Committee and after the speech had been edited by the Committee's counsel, James Francis Burke, a Catholic. Passing to Prohibition, Mrs. Willebrandt declares that the greatest handicap to Prohibition enforcement is the fact that "politics and liquor apparently are as inseparable a combination as beer and pretzels." But this combination, she adds, existed long before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted. After telling a number of incidents of the thwarting of Prohibition by political influence, Mrs. Willebrandt stops her narrative to offer this general observation:

"You can neither coax, scold, nor nag the people into law observance. Consequently, enforcement is the necessary approach at this time. Enforcement in court, not promises. Orderly

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enforcement. Strictly legal methods of enforcement. Enforcement by trained, highly intelligent men imbued with high morale and a pride in their service. Courageous enforcement. Enforcement backed up at Washington. Everybody would not like such enforcement, but everybody would respect it—even politicians."

Mrs. Willebrandt admits that liquor can be obtained anywhere throughout the country, but she thinks that all the talk about drinking tends to exaggeration of the amount consumed. She is convinced that, on the whole, Prohibition has "materially reduced both the production and consumption of intoxicating liquors throughout the United States." Mrs. Willebrandt condemns "as atrocious, wholly unwarranted, and entirely unnecessary" some of the killing by Prohibition agents, but she thinks people are not paying enough attention to murderous attacks by bootleggers upon enforcement officials.

The Prohibition force, "largely as the result of political influence," was for several years filled with unfit men, altho recently, it is stated, there has been improvement, due to the use of civil-service requirements." In this connection, Mrs. Willebrandt takes the opportunity sharply to criticize General Lincoln C. Andrews and several subordinates of a few years back. She feels that Prohibition can be enforced even in the great cities, if district attorneys are honest, efficient and determined.

UNCORKING SOMETHING

—Evans in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

In agreement with Major Mills, winner of the Durant prize, Mrs. Willebrandt contends that the biggest "leak" is the diversion of industrial alcohol from legal uses, and she suggests tightening up the permit regulations, and to check up necessary consumption, so as to limit permit privileges to approximately the amount of alcohol really needed in industry.

The second big leak, according to this authority, is border smuggling. She attributes the "flow of booze" in Detroit chiefly to lack of coordination among enforcement services there. The Anti-Saloon League is criticized for carrying on too much political activity, and not enough educational. Wet Congressmen who vote dry are vigorously attacked by this former government official, who insists that "bootleggers infest the halls and corridors of Congress and ply their trade there."

Mrs. Willebrandt considers the Jones Law necessary in order to enable judges to give adequate punishment to big offenders. But she does not think that Prohibition enforcement needs more law; what it needs is better men to do the work. She argues that the old-fashioned saloon system "created exactly the same condition about which anti-Prohibitionists are now complaining: graft, corruption, public disorder, and maladministration of justice." Mrs. Willebrandt believes that, altho the wets have made gains in recent years, "the majority of the people are still against legalizing the liquor traffic." In another connection, however, she speaks of "our 100,000,000 population, and perhaps 20,000,000 who believe in Prohibition." But the former Assistant Attorney-General is convinced that "so far as the women of the country are concerned, Prohibition has come to stay."

Admitting that "Prohibition is not being effectively enforced," Mrs. Willebrandt nevertheless contends that the law is enforceable. She lays stress on the fact that Prohibition closed 178,000 saloons where liquor might be obtained, night or day, in almost unlimited quantities, and "no one will seriously contend that the bootleggers, however numerous they may be, are selling as much liquor as the saloons formerly sold." The only way to enforce the Prohibition law, as well as any other law, "is to definitely establish personal responsibility for enforcement." One practical step toward more effective enforcement, according to Mrs. Willebrandt, "is to systematically divide and apportion responsibility between the Federal Government and State and local governments so that there will be no overloading of part of the machinery of law enforcement and, on the other hand, no lack of a high type of personnel, for difficult cases beyond the reach of strength of local authority."

Making positive recommendations in her final chapter, Mrs. Willebrandt calls for the centering of responsibility for Prohibition policies in some one place in the Government, preferably in the Department of Justice. She agrees with Major Mills that "when the alcohol leak is plugged there will be vastly less bootlegging in the United States." A good start in checking the flow across the border has been made in recent changes in the service, and the next step, we are told, should be to strengthen our border patrol; perhaps to establish a special consolidated border patrol. Mrs. Willebrandt calls for the complete elimination of political appointees from the enforcement organization. "If one person is given centralized authority to coordinate forces and establish policies, if he be willing to face the difficulties and the infinite details of the task, and if he will stand up and take punishment and keep fighting, he can carry the work on to success," concludes Mrs. Willebrandt; "he will have the backing of the President, who has spent his life doing what timid men said was impossible."

The first challenge to this "inside story" is Mr. Burke's declaration that he never discust any man's religion in the last campaign, nor did he ever "insert or attempt to insert any religious comment in any speech Mrs. Willebrandt made, or intended to make; nor was any manuscript of hers containing any attack on any man's religion or personal character or raising the religious issue ever submitted to or scrutinized" by him.

F. Scott McBride, General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, answering Mrs. Willebrandt's statement that Wayne B. Wheeler guided the League "into dangerous shoals by too much political activity," retorted in a speech made in Cleveland:

"If Mabel Walker Willebrandt lives long enough to contribute one-tenth of the time and render a tithe of the service which Wayne B. Wheeler gave to this cause during his thirty-five years of active, conscientious, and loyal service, she will be cured of her disposition to criticize the motives, purposes, and services of Mr. Wheeler. Without his work, the name Mabel Walker Willebrandt would be unknown."

And then, says J. F. Essary in the Baltimore *Sun*, "there is Senatorial resentment" over the charge that bootleggers infest the halls of Congress. So now "Mrs. Willebrandt has irritated or exasperated or outraged nearly all the elements with which she formerly consorted":

"The Administration is sore because she insisted the Hoover

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"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 5.

1. Do cramps cause many drownings? (p. 16).
2. What popular radio announcer died last week? (p. 57).
3. What artists painted a "Blue Boy"? (p. 19).
4. Who coined the phrase: "We lose but we win"? (p. 33).
5. Who founded the Boy Scouts? (p. 23).
6. Who was the first juvenile champion flagpole-sitter of the world? (p. 34).
7. Who is called Manchuria's "Jazzy Dictator"? (p. 13).
8. How did John Cotton Dana extend the functions of the Public Library? (p. 20).
9. How many Boy Scouts attended the recent Jamboree in England? (p. 23).
10. What is the average life of a savings-bank account? (p. 54).
11. Who was the first Socialist elected to Congress? (p. 28).
12. Of what country is Mohammed Mahmoud Pasha Premier? (p. 14).
13. What was Sir Joshua Reynolds's dictum about colors in portrait-paintings? (p. 19).
14. Why are the packers asking for a new deal? (p. 8).
15. What ship carried the first sea-going stock-broker's office? (p. 52).
16. What is the "short-answer test" in college and Civil Service examinations? (p. 18).
17. What was last year's proportion of drowning to automobile accidents? (p. 16).
18. Who is "General Chan"? (p. 40).
19. What are the best Japanese fishing cormorants worth? (p. 48).
20. In what European country are there 1,000,000 child workers of from eight to fourteen years? (p. 15).

people put her up to making those of her campaign speeches most severely criticized.

"The Anti-Saloon League is no less sore, and now Congress has come in for its share of Mrs. Willebrandt's censure. She has even agreed that there has been a deplorable amount of crookedness among enforcement officers themselves.

"Only the organized wet interests, it seems, are finding any genuine satisfaction in Mrs. Willebrandt's recital of her inside story."

The revived talk of the Willebrandt campaign speech pleases the Democratic papers. The Jackson (Miss.) *News* concludes that "somebody has lied." The Tampa *Tribune* (Dem.) does not think that Mr. Burke's denial was emphatic enough "to throw doubt on the woman's statement"; "therefore the conclusion must be reached that the Republican party organization itself was back of the campaign plan to have the evangelical churches enter into partizan politics under the guise of fighting liquor, but really to prevent the election of a Catholic to office." Another Democratic paper, the New York *World*, now considers it established in history "that in 1928 the Republican party deliberately encouraged the evangelical churches to enter partizan politics."

"Small political stuff" this talk about Mrs. Willebrandt's speech seems, however, to the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* (Rep.):

"Protestant churches are militantly dry almost without exception. This dryness is especially strong in the larger denominations, such as Methodists, Baptists, Christians, and Presbyterians. In his speech of acceptance, in which Hoover appealed for religious tolerance, he also said he opposed the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Governor Smith virtually repudiated the dry plank in his own party platform and openly advocated repeal or modification of this amendment.

"This liquor issue was the dominating factor in the campaign to the militant Protestant drys, but in spite of this obvious fact efforts were continuously put forth to show that Protestants were fighting Smith because he was an adherent of the Catholic faith."

But aside from the disputes over particular features of Mrs. Willebrandt's articles, it seems to the Springfield *Union* that she makes out a very bad case for Federal Prohibition. Here the New York *Daily News*, New Haven *Journal-Courier*, Hartford *Courant*, and Baltimore *Sun* agree. The Syracuse *Herald* points out that bootlegging activities have been increasing during these past three years, the very years during which Mrs. Willebrandt says "the government enforcement army has been steadily improving in morale and efficiency." The New York State paper can "think of no better proof of the inherent unenforceability of the Eighteenth Amendment than this queer contrast presents." It seems to *The Wall Street Journal* that—

"Mrs. Willebrandt postulates successful enforcement on the assumption of a United States in which public sentiment is either overwhelmingly dry or overwhelmingly committed to the academic principle that any and every law, merely because it is a law, must be completely enforced. It is because no such United States exists that Prohibition remains the deplorable mess it is."

The problem of Prohibition "is not a mere question of law-breaking," remarks the New York *World;* "it is a question of whether the drys who control the Federal machinery have the power to impose their will upon a very large mass of people who are deeply resolved that they will not let themselves be imposed upon." If Mrs. Willebrandt knew human nature better, she would, in *The World's* opinion, "realize that the fundamental reason why President Coolidge did not back her up, the reason why President Hoover won't back up her successor, is not due to the niggling of politicians, but to the fact that no President with his responsibilities for peace and order would dream of provoking the kind of conflict that thoroughgoing enforcement would entail."

After quoting Mrs. Willebrandt as saying that "local self-government and law enforcement are the basis of our republic," the New Haven *Register* goes on:

"Exactly. And the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law are in direct violation of the fundamental principle of local self-government. It is precisely because national Prohibition is not in conformity with the principle of local self-government that it is a failure. Neither Mrs. Willebrandt, nor anybody else, is justified in supposing that there will be vigorous local enforcement of laws emanating from Washington in communities which do not sympathize with those laws. The same holds true even of State-enforcement acts, where those acts are passed under pressure from Washington, and with no freedom of variation from the policy laid down at Washington.

"The sooner these facts are recognized, and the States are given some leeway in the regulation of the liquor question, the sooner shall we be rid of enforcement difficulties."

But by stirring up the hornet's nest by her revelation of political influence in enforcement, Mrs. Willebrandt helps the cause of enforcement, in the opinion of the Wichita *Eagle*, and the Tulsa *Tribune* observes:

"If Mrs. Willebrandt's near-expose does not cause the Government to take cognizance of the alliance which she alleges exists between politics and bootlegging, to seek out the identity of officials who have assisted in amassing huge bootlegging fortunes, and to take the proper action against them, it should at least serve to crystallize public opinion for transfer of the duties of Prohibition enforcement from the Treasury Department to the Department of Justice, as President Hoover has suggested."

In simplifying and clarifying the Prohibition issues for the American people, Mrs. Willebrandt has done a valuable public service, concludes the Los Angeles *Times*. "Her articles should arouse and mobilize public opinion to demand that an end be put to the present flouting of the Constitution and the law."

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THE PACKERS ASK FOR A NEW DEAL

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME has brought many changes of fundamental interest to the average American household in the last eight years, a number of editorial commentators agree, but none of wider interest than the evolution of the chain store. Housekeepers who thought the prices of steaks and chops too high in 1920, patted themselves on the back, figuratively, when the big meat-packers of Chicago entered into an arrangement with the Government whereby the "Big Five" (now reduced to the "Big Four") were restrained from the operation of meat-markets, the distribution of fruits and vegetables, and other activities not directly connected with meat-packing. This "consent decree of 1920," as it is known, amounted to a virtual dissolution of the so-called meat trust. There was general rejoicing at the time, and predictions of lower prices for groceries and meats were freely made. Senators and Congressmen declared that the Government had delivered its most telling blow against the high cost of living.

What has happened since? The packers have attended strictly to their business of meat-packing. But, explains *Barron's Weekly*, "all this time there was growing up a monopoly much more formidable than anything created by the packing industry at the height of its power." This was the chain-store system, with its grocery- and meat-stores. These, says the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, "are now placed at 1,000 chains and 70,000 individual stores. These do between 35 and 45 per cent. of the nation's retail grocery business, and a great number of them are actual or potential distributers of meat."

It was not a great surprize, then, when two of our largest packing houses—Armour & Company and Swift & Company—filed a petition in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, asking for a modification of the famous consent decree, on the ground that it was discriminatory; that the Armour and Swift concerns should not be prevented from doing what other chain stores and packers not a party to the 1920 agreement may do. As Paul V. Collins points out in the Washington *Star:*

"Chain stores buy their stocks in quantities hundreds of times greater than any individual stores can handle; they take entire outputs of food factories, in many cases, and, while they began with groceries only, within the last three years many chain-store systems have added meat-shops to their groceries. If it were a menace to public welfare for meat-packers to add groceries to their meat-shops, it is now asked, wherein lies the difference when groceries add meat to their food stores?

"The Department of Agriculture has reported that chain groceries of America do a business of $36,000,000,000 a year, of which more than 10 per cent. of food sold is meat—over $3,500,000,000 of meat in chain stores.

"In the Mid-West there is a great chain-store system, and so enormous has its trade in meats become that the company has purchased three big packing plants. Yet the 'Big Four' packers are forbidden to meet that competition upon its own ground.

"The entrance of the big packers into the general field of food supplies will doubtless lead to keener competition than any chain stores have realized in the decade of their development. What effect the entrance of the Big Four into the handling of vegetables and fruits, whether raw or processed, will have, remains to be seen. At the time of the 'consent decree' in 1920, they had contracts with cooperative vegetable- and fruit-growers, especially of the Far West, by which they marketed nearly all of the crops of the cooperative organizations, and were building up a great export trade.

"It is stated that the packers own all of their refrigerator cars and that when they hang carcasses of meat in such cars there remains a waste space beneath the carcasses which can be packed with cases of fruits and vegetables, so that all cost of transportation of such fruits and vegetables is eliminated. The shippers pay the same freight charges for hauling the car of meat alone as they do when the crevices are filled with other products. This enables the packers to undersell all competition by their saving of freights."

What the average man—and his wife—are interested in, of course, is whether any of these economies will be passed on to them, in the form of lower prices, "if and when," as they say in Wall Street, the consent decree is modified. The President of the Ohio Farm Federation believes that if the big packers are permitted to resume business at the old stand, "the distribution of farm products through them will increase the profits to farmers, and at the same time reduce the cost to the consumer." As O. M. Kile, of Washington, writes in "How Things Look to the Farmer":

"In 1920, farmers came to Washington in large numbers to demand legislation restricting the big packers from extending their fields of activity and requiring them to submit to various sorts of supervision by Federal agents. To-day, we not only hear nothing about trust prosecutions, but we find hundreds of mergers resulting in enormous aggregations of capital and facilities under a single management.

"Apparently the packers merited all the grief that descended upon them back in 1920. But the packers have undergone some important changes themselves. Moreover, former conditions make no adequate reason for holding them to restrictions that have since been outgrown. Packers, with their lines of refrigerator cars and their wholesale distributing plants in every town of consequence, are the logical people to operate retail chain stores. There are undoubtedly economies which they can put into effect that should reduce the cost of foods to the consumer. And some means of keeping down retail prices of meats is highly important if we are to avoid a serious decline in meat consumption and a consequent drop in live-stock prices."

The argument of the packers, as set forth in the Armour-Swift petition, is that the consent decree prevents the four large packing groups from using their existing facilities for distribution. This, it is asserted, means that the entire cost of maintaining branch houses and other facilities must be carried by the business in meats and meat products. Many branch houses, it is declared, have been closed because the meat business alone is not sufficient to maintain them. "If the packers can prove their case," thinks the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "they are certainly entitled to the same rights to do business as those enjoyed by the powerful organizations that have sprung into being since the consent decree of 1920." In the opinion of the Chicago *Tribune:*

"The decree of 1920 was the most drastic, in all probability, of all the antitrust decrees. The Government was forced to take a strong stand against the packers by the force of agrarian discontent.

"The decree which the packers consented to after a long fight has left them with the responsibility and expense of maintaining an elaborate equipment for the wholesale distribution of meat. They might use the equipment and the personnel to run it for distributing foods of many sorts, thus reducing the handling charges for vegetables as well as meats, but by the order of the Court they may not do so. The consequence is that the farmers receive less than they might for what they sell, and the consumers pay more than they otherwise might be asked for what they buy.

"The time has come for a thorough reexamination and rewriting of the antitrust acts of a previous generation. The injustice and unwisdom of restraining the freedom of one industry, while placing no comparable restraints on another, is apparent."

It is expected, however, that the packers will meet serious resistance at the hands of wholesale grocers. Says the Chicago *Daily News:*

"The packers' application will be fought on the ground that the grocers would be unable to meet the packers' competition, not because of superior facilities and better organization possest by those rivals, but because of privileges the packers would obtain from the railroads.

"What is to prevent the wholesale grocers from cooperating in ways that would give them approximate equality with the packers in the matter of shipments and freight rates?

"If there is reason or warrant in law for forbidding the packers to do what other national organizations are doing, the public has yet to be informed of it.

"The consent decree of 1920 may be still tenable and defensible, but it is well that leading packing concerns have challenged it. The eventual decision in the case may prove of far-reaching importance, especially in view of the fact that the old antitrust law has been assailed by important legal and industrial organizations, which declare it to be in need of radical revision."

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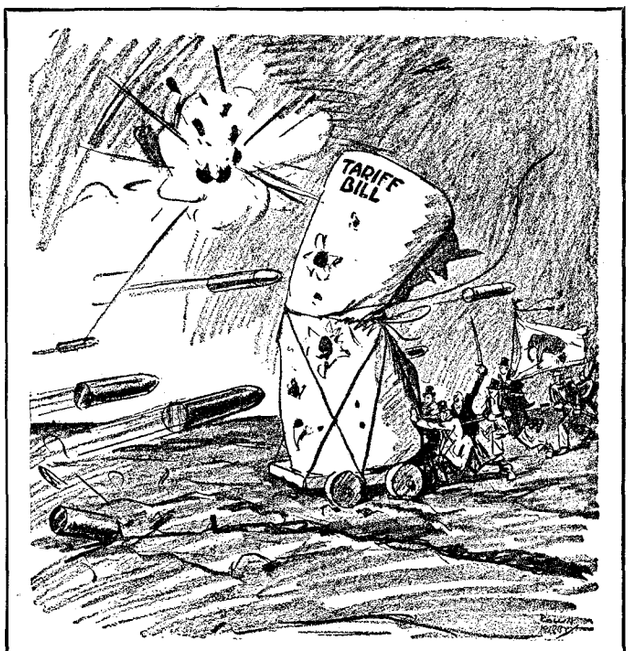
THE TARIFF WRANGLE JUST BEGINNING

A BITTER STRUGGLE OVER THE TARIFF is scheduled to begin on September 4, notes Arthur Crawford, of the Chicago *Tribune's* Washington staff, when the bill which has been in the making since January 7 will be taken up by the Senate. "There is going to be plenty of fireworks when the measure reaches the floor for debate," agrees the Cleveland *News*. Optimistic Senators, we are told, hope to pass the bill about the middle of October, and predict that it will be placed before the President for his signature by Thanksgiving Day. But Senator Borah and the Corn Belt independents, we are reminded by the Springfield *Republican*, "are confident that the bill will still be in conference committee—or in cold storage—when the regular session begins in December." The situation, says Theodore C. Wallen, Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "is perhaps the most confused that has ever confronted such legislation, with both Republicans and Democrats split into divergent camps, while Senators from farm States clamor for tariff aids to put agriculture on a basis of economic equality with manufacturing industry." According to W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, "President Hoover is giving the tariff almost no attention, but is devoting practically his entire thought to naval reduction." But, we read in the Washington *Star*, "the President's close friends say he will not hesitate to veto a measure which he considers unjust to the American consumer and unwise for the country at large." So, remarks the Boston *Globe*, the lot of a Republican tariff-tinkerer, any way you look at it, "is an unhappy one; the more he strives to please one group, the more he engenders wrath among others."



THE BARRAGE BEGINS

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

Take, for example, the rates proposed by the Senate Finance Committee on August 19. In the bill passed by the House on May 28, about a thousand of the 12,000 tariff rates in the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act were raised. In the program made public by the Senate Committee on the 19th, approximately 450 of the House rates were revised, mostly downward. But, says Mr. Wallen in one of his dispatches, "despite hundreds of decreases, the Finance Committee's program would leave the general tariff-level considerably higher than at present under the Fordney-McCumber Act. Measured in terms of estimated revenue yield, the increase amounts to $88,917,325 over the previous measure." Amendments or indorsements to the tariff bill, tentatively agreed upon by the majority members of the Senate Committee, are thus summarized by the *Herald Tribune* correspondent:

"Schedule 1. Chemicals, oils, and paints: Generally lower than the House rates.

"Schedule 2. Earths, earthenware, and glassware: House rates generally preserved, including higher duty on plate-glass.

"Schedule 3. Metals and their manufactures: Generally lower than the House rates. Duty on iron in pigs sharply increased, manganese ore placed on the free list, and duty on automobiles reduced.

"Schedule 4. Wood and its manufactures: Logs, shingles, and cedar placed on the free list; they carry duties in House bill.

"Schedule 5. Sugar, molasses, and their manufactures: House rates generally reduced except in the cases of maple-sugar, which was granted an increase; and dextrose, for which House rates were preserved.

"Schedule 6. Tobacco and its manufactures: Rates generally lower.

"Schedule 7. Agricultural products and provisions: House rates generally preserved, with some increases as in the case of milk and cream.

"Schedule 8. Spirits, wines, and other beverages: House rates preserved.

"Schedule 9. Cotton manufactures: House rates generally preserved, with some increases for cotton fabrics.

"Schedule 10. Flax, hemp, jute, and their manufactures: Some minor increases over House rates.

"Schedule 11. Wool and its manufactures: Some slight increases, but rate largely those of the House bill.

"Schedule 12. Silk manufactures: House rates preserved.

"Schedule 13. Manufactures of rayon or other synthetic textile: Slight reductions from the House rates.

"Schedule 14. Papers and books: House rates generally unchanged.

"Schedule 15. Sundries: House rates generally unchanged. Free list: The most important additions to the list are nitric acid, shingles, logs, cedar, and manganese ore."

According to Frank R. Kent, of the independent Baltimore *Sun*, "there is no real defense being made of the new tariff program, even by regular Republican newspapers."

On the other hand, the Washington *Post* (Rep.) believes that, since both sides in the fight for lower or higher tariffs are disgruntled, "the Senate bill must be pretty fair to everybody." And in the Republican Philadelphia *Inquirer* we read:

"The Senate Finance Committee has been charged with an intention to raise the rates of the House inordinately in the interests of industry and in detriment to agriculture. It has done no such thing. It has in some instances aided the farmers by higher duties than those proposed by the House. It has in many other instances reduced industrial rates below the House program. Where manufactured products are suffering from serious invasion by those turned out by cheap labor abroad, it has increased rates conservatively. But it has erected no wall, no real barrier."

From the independent Scripps-Howard newspapers and the Democratic press, however, comes a devastating barrage of criticism. In the first place, points out the Washington *News*, of the Scripps-Howard chain:

"President Hoover and his fellow Republicans, during the campaign, pledged this Administration to limited tariff revision. The House disregarded that party pledge. The Senate Committee has done the same.

"The chief excuse for tariff-tinkering was farm distress. But the farmers will not benefit in the main from this bill. They will lose more in the higher prices of goods they must buy than they will gain in nominal benefits from higher duties on farm commodities.

"This bill is the more indefensible because the only class which would profit from it, temporarily at least, is the manufacturers, who are less in need of government help than any other group."

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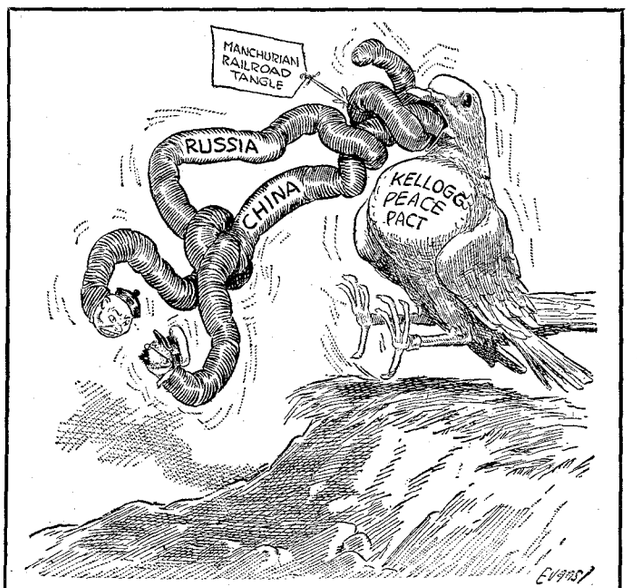
BATTLE-CRIES IN THE FAR EAST

WHETHER THE "WAR OF DISPATCHES" and "battles of propaganda" between China and Russia, calling for scare head-line news stories in the press, mean real war sooner or later, American editors hardly venture to predict from day to day. So much of the warlike news comes from rumor centers like Shanghai, Tokyo, Paris, and London, while only censored dispatches can come from the Russo-Chinese war zones, that readers are warned against reports "more unreliable than usual," and we are reminded that postponement of a declaration of war comports with the comparatively slow pace of "action" in the Far Orient. Dispatches tell of raids and border fighting; mobilization of the Red and the Chinese armies; assignment of General Bluecher, former Russian military adviser to Nationalist China, to supreme command of the Red Army contingents; Chinese martial law along the Chinese Eastern Railway, and other war measures.

In the diplomatic quarrel Russia stands on her demand for restoration of the Chinese Eastern Railway before entering any negotiation to settle the dispute; China claims to be acting only in self-defense in expelling Soviet Russians, proffering negotiation for settlement, and preparing against invasion. Meanwhile, the propaganda warfare not only is directed toward arousing the populace in the disputant nations, but is calculated to affect all interested Powers. Russia gives it the form of picturing a covert plot of the capitalistic Powers fostered by the exiled "white Russians" against the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. China internally appeals for courage to fight against Russian contempt for Nationalist "weakness" and externally submits an identical note of explanation and defense to the nations signatory to the Kellogg pact. This note merely recounts the contentions that have been presented in previous issues of THE DIGEST.



THE WORMS WON'T HOLD STILL LONG ENOUGH TO BE SWALLOWED!
—Evans in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

A clarifying review of "The Quarrel in Manchuria," we quote from the New York *World:*

"In the conflicting claims of China and Russia in Manchuria two points now stand out with reasonable clarity:

"1. Whatever else may have happened in the obscure negotiations at Manchuli, the Chinese delegates seem definitely to have refused to restore the status quo. The Chinese Minister in Washington says as much. A Reuter dispatch from Nanking quotes a flat statement of the Chinese Foreign Minister to the same effect. 'The Russian associate managers of the Chinese Eastern Railway can not be reinstated before the opening of negotiations.'

"2. Meantime, there seems to be no doubt that Russian troops have advanced across the border from Siberia into Manchuria. We do not need to take the word of the Chinese on this point. The American State Department has made public a cablegram from its Consul in Harbin stating that Soviet troops 'have clashed with Chinese troops on Chinese territory' and that 'the Chinese casualties have been about two hundred so far.'

"It seems apparent from this news that it is the Chinese who have accepted responsibility for refusing to restore the status quo, and so accepted responsibility for the breakdown of negotiations, and the Russians who have accepted responsibility for the theory that the breakdown of negotiations justifies some form of retaliatory action.

"It is one of the great difficulties in the present situation that, once either nation has taken a definite position, prestige seems to forbid it to retrace its steps. This much, however, seems quite clear: it is Russia's position rather than China's which now constitutes a grave threat to peace. China's refusal to restore the status quo may be unreasonable. To the Russians it may seem outrageous. But whatever else it is, it is not war. At worst, it leaves Russia with precisely the same grievance against China which England and France and the United States and other nations had against Russia when Russia annulled foreign property rights after the 1917 revolution. On the other hand, a movement of troops across an international boundary is a violation of the Pact of Paris and an appeal to military force."

Among papers which criticize China's policy the Baltimore *Sun*, the New York *Times*, and the Providence *News* may be mentioned. In the opinion of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "it is China's move"; while border raids "need not be taken too seriously." What is important is "the attitude of the Governments in Nanking and Mukden":

"We say Nanking and Mukden because it is by no means clear where the decisive control of Chinese policy rests. So far as one can judge, the brusk action which gave rise to the present dispute was the work of a north Manchurian General, acting, apparently, without very specific authority from Mukden or from Nanking. To-day the will to peace appears to fade as the distance from the presumptive arena of conflict grows. North Manchurian farmers, whose one interest is their soy beans, want the dispute settled peacefully. Mukden is uncertain what to do. A thousand miles away, in Nanking, the Chinese officials are inclined to bluster a bit. It even seems possible that they are hoping for an open conflict which would lead to intervention by the great Powers. If that be their hope, they are making a desperate gamble.

"Meanwhile, ill-advised as the Russian ultimatum to China was, the evidence seems to indicate that Moscow has shown a rather striking moderation in the face of clear acts of provocation. If the Russians should determine upon a serious invasion of North Manchuria world opinion would undoubtedly turn against them, but short of that, the world knows that China has gone beyond the limits of her treaty rights. It would be more imprest by positive steps toward a negotiated solution than by what sound at a distance rather like cry-baby appeals for help."

The Chicago *Tribune* believes that "the United States Government can afford to give appropriate support to the Nanking Government in this crisis, for the extension of Bolshevik influence in China would be a misfortune to the civilized world." The Washington *Post* maintains that China's attitude is justifiable. In making this contention it restates editorially the position taken by the Nanking Government in its various notes to the Powers. To quote:

"Many Americans make the mistake of assuming that China's seizure of the Chinese Eastern Railroad was the beginning of the trouble. They overlook the fact that Russian conspiracies on Chinese soil were threatening the destruction of China's independence. No self-respecting nation could tolerate the acts of which the Russian agents in China were guilty. Protests having proved futile, there was nothing left for China to do but to throw out the criminals and place loyal Chinese in control of the railroad. The refusal of the Chinese Government to restore the conspirators is more than justified. Russia's demand for restoration of the *status quo ante* is equivalent to a demand by bank robbers that they be replaced in possession of a bank as a condition of negotiating for their retirement."

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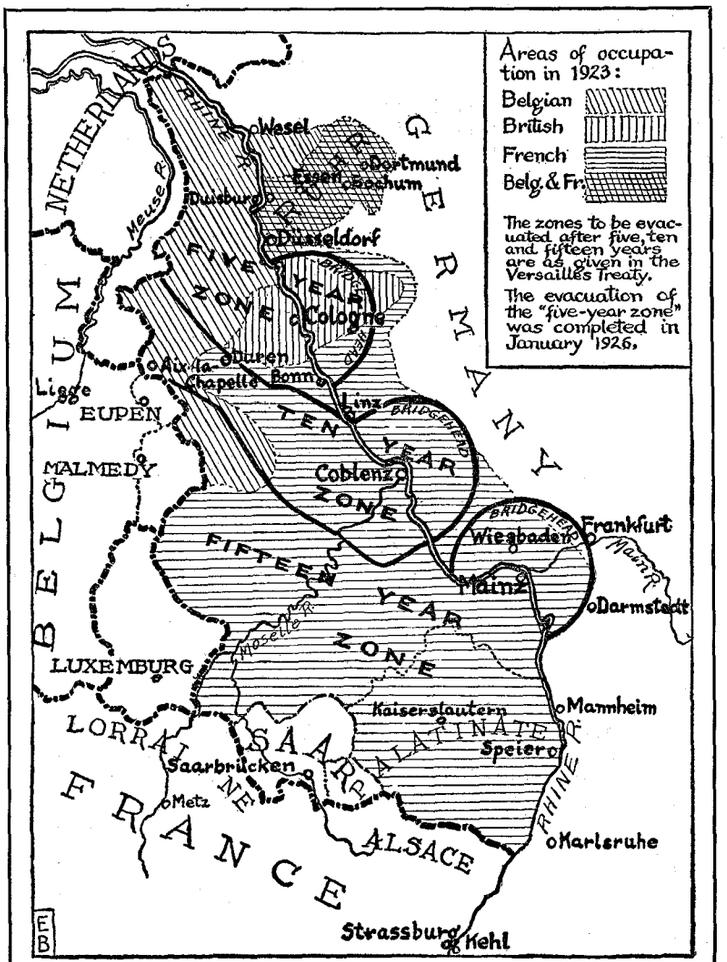
BRITAIN DECIDES TO END HER "WATCH ON THE RHINE"

GREAT BRITAIN'S DECISION TO WITHDRAW ALL TROOPS from the Rhineland without further delay to see what France will do or what may happen to the Young plan, is hailed by American papers as one piece of good news from the confusing Hague Conference on reparations. Action to end the Allied "Watch on the Rhine" and so get rid of "the pompous futility of their expensive military gesture," as our former Rhineland Commissioner, Pierrepont Noyes, characterizes it, appeals to our press, and many papers find occasion to recongratulate ourselves on getting our troops out in 1923. Following Mr. Snowden's startling demand for changes in the Young plan, this definite move by Foreign Minister Henderson is considered a further challenge to French policy in Continental Europe, which may or may not break a "reparations impasse" or clear up what the St. Louis *Star* terms "a weird situation." We are reminded that, as Germany sees it, "England at the Hague Conference rejects the Young plan in its present form but demands evacuation of the Rhineland, while the French thesis is no evacuation without the Young plan. A mass of complications is connected with both formulas."



Prepared by the Foreign Policy Association. By courtesy of the Foreign Policy Association

THE "OCCUPIED" RHINELAND

When the "five-year zone" was evacuated, the British forces took over the Wiesbaden area from the French. These are the troops to be withdrawn this fall. Negotiations now going on may bring about the early complete withdrawal of all Allied forces from the Rhineland.

"England Against the Field" heads a Nashville *Banner* sympathetic editorial, which is typical of the attitude of many Southern newspapers. "France Must Leave Rhineland or Stand Alone Among Nations," in the view of the Omaha *Bee-News*. The New York *World* sees the British Labor party bent on scrapping previous postwar foreign policies, which were based upon playing with France and have strengthened French military and financial dominance on the Continent. Scott Mowrer, foreign correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, suggests that the new British policy is based not on the Continent but on diplomatic cooperation with the United States in reducing burdensome armaments. The New York *Journal of Commerce* observes that only positively can it be seen that "England knows she has something to gain in the friendly reception which will be accorded her decision in Germany." The New York *Times* says that Mr. Henderson has distinctly violated the pledge or understanding previously given to the House of Commons that British evacuation would "synchronize with the French and Belgian," and only "uncertainty" is ahead.

If Britain alone brings out her 6,000 troops from the Rhineland "before Christmas," as the correspondents put it, 54,000 French troops and 2,800 Belgians will be left. Under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, evacuation of the second zone, as shown on the accompanying map, should be completed before January 1 next. Occupation of the third zone is authorized until 1935, but "immediate withdrawal" was provided for prior to that date if Germany complied with all the undertakings resulting from the treaty. Germany at the Hague Conference demands this withdrawal on the basis of fulfilling all treaty terms, including payment of reparations under the Dawes plan and acceptance of the substitute Young plan. For control after evacuation by all Allied troops, it is reported that a subcommittee of jurists at the Conference has drafted a plan for a body of arbitrators similar to that provided under the Locarno pact. This would deal with differences affecting more than one Power and relieve Germany of the bogy of "foreign" control, according to Hague correspondents. Incidentally, visualization is helped by remembering that the Rhineland is about the size of Vermont or New Hampshire, and contains a population about equal to that of Massachusetts and New Jersey together.

No man could prevent the Rhineland occupation from being "economically burdensome and socially offensive," declares Mr. Noyes, formerly of the Interallied Rhineland Commission, in an interview for the New York *World*, and it costs to-day about $16,000,000 a year to keep the troops there. The "expensive gesture" had cost some $600,000,000 advanced by Germany to the reparations commission up to the end of 1922, and, according to the Foreign Policy Association *Information Service*, more than $109,000,000 from reparations has gone for occupation costs since the Dawes plan became effective in 1924. That year was the peak of 200,000 foreign soldiers on German soil. Retention of troops latterly has been for bargaining chiefly, according to Mr. Noyes. We quote:

"Survey of the eleven years on the Rhine reveals a military occupation comparatively innocuous compared with the German control of Paris after the War of 1870 and the occupation of France after the Napoleonic wars. Dramatic chapters to postwar European history have been provided by Rhineland 'incidents,' such as the Ruhr invasion, alleged French encouragement of the 'Separatist movement,' wholesale expulsions of citizens, occasional shootings, and the presence of colored troops.

"On the credit side has been the conciliatory movement resulting in the final evacuation of 'the five-year zone,' withdrawal of the French from the Ruhr, and the guaranty of the territory under the Locarno pacts."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

OUR idea of prison reform is to add a couple of large wings.—*Toledo Blade.*

ANOTHER thing about the new currency. It certainly can go fast for its age.—*Dallas News.*

THUS far the nearest approach to a barkless dog is the skinless frankfurter.—*Nashville Banner.*

NOWADAYS a vacation period is usually nothing but a dash in an automobile.—*Louisville Times.*

IT appears that everything is being merged nowadays except politics and religion.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

OUR idea of a difficult position would be that of a conductor on that Manchuria railroad listening to contradictory orders from a Chinese and a Bolshevik boss.—*Macon Telegraph.*

IT has been discovered that the new money fades. Which may account for the fact we have seen so little of it.—*Dallas News.*

WOULDN'T it be a boon if the fruit cooperative could arrange to take care of the Chicago "pineapple" crop?—*Manchester Union.*

IF modern methods had obtained in those days, Job would have claimed the world's patience endurance record.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AT least there's one thing to be said about the new tabloid paper money. Nobody can claim it is Bigger and Better. —*Chicago Evening Post.*

ONE way to abolish wars for all time would be to agree to postpone the next war until the World War debts are all paid.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THE LITERARY DIGEST thinks advertisers should try to reach telephone users. Especially those who advertise methods to improve the vocabulary.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

THE spirit of the forthcoming naval reduction conference may be phrased in the denatured Rooseveltism: "Speak softly and carry a yardstick."—*Chicago Daily News.*

WE can fight down the theory of ape ancestry as long as convention makes men keep their legs covered.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

FEWER motion-pictures are to be shown in Sing Sing next year, which is one way of making prison life more bearable.—*Hartford Courant.*

MEXICO has agreed not to compel folks who work in Mexico to live there. What Mexico really needs is a law requiring those who live there to work.—*Dallas News.*

THERE are still a few ultra-conservatives left among us. Every now and then we hear of somebody's being run over by a street-car instead of an automobile.—*Nashville Banner.*

THE saddest words of all the bunch:
"If I'd only bought when I had that hunch!"
—*Hartford Courant.*

WE all can and ought to be rich, writes John Raskob in a magazine. But we like the Republican attitude better—they have told us time and again that we actually are.—*Schenectady Union-Star.*

ENGLAND ought to know pretty soon whether a Labor government will work.—*Detroit News.*

A STORY of his life by H. Ford would indeed be an autobiography.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE popular conception is that a Chicago citizen always has a gun or a lily in his hand.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A MIDWESTERN goat ate part of a wing off of an airplane. Thank heaven, goats can not fly!—*Minneapolis Journal.*

NEXT thing we know some notoriety seeker will be appearing on the street in an old-fashioned night-shirt.—*Tampa Tribune.*

THE Government is experimenting with the use of cotton to replace silk in parachutes. But what we need is something to make cotton go up.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

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THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE IS GETTING HARDER EVERY DAY

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer.*

ANOTHER thing that the country is suffering from is too much money for shares and not enough for plowshares.—*Detroit News.*

THERE doesn't seem to be any sane reason for repealing a law simply because criminals don't like to stay in jail.—*Toledo Blade.*

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S naval reduction plans suggest that now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the parity.—*Beloit News.*

THE Ontario Liquor Control Board is encouraging Canadians to drink cider instead of liquor. That ought not to be hard.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

A MOVEMENT has been started for sensible summer clothes for men. But the trouble is that sensible clothes look so silly.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

IT is said that since the passage of the Jones law, liquor prices in Washington have dropt. This looks like adding insult to enforcement.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

EVERY time the Germans bob up at a reparations conference they take the attitude that they do not care who won the war as long as the Allies pay the bill.—*Indianapolis News.*

VITAMINS have been found in hash, but the name of the painstaking explorer has not been made public.—*Toledo Blade.*

IT won't be long until airships carry extra parachutes to be thrown overboard soon after starting, attached to stowaways. —*Tampa Tribune.*

BEING selected Premier of France must give Briand the same kind of a thrill Lindbergh would get out of a ride on a merry-go-round.—*Miami News.*

"PORTION of Los Angeles Slowly Sliding into Ocean."—Head-line.
Fire! Fire!—*Chicago Evening Post.*

WITH all the wisdom being syndicated daily by Dr. Cadman, Dr. Copeland, Arthur Brisbane, and others, the rest of us hardly have to do any thinking at all.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

OKLAHOMA undertaker, house-cleaning, discovers a body embalmed fifteen years ago that has never been buried. That, men, is why friend wife insists on house-cleaning twice each year! —*Washington Post.*

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FOREIGN - COMMENT

MANCHURIA'S "JAZZY DICTATOR"

CHINA'S BRIGHT YOUNG MAN in the Manchurian collision between Soviet Russia and China is Chang Hsueh-liang, who is described by some foreign press correspondents as Manchuria's "jazzy dictator." Yet he appears to Chinese journalists as a very lively, very human being, who at the age of thirty-one is the military and political head of one of the richest sections of the Chinese Republic, covering an area of some 360,000 square miles, with a population estimated to exceed 25,000,000. However trustful the Nationalist Chinese Government may try to be about a peaceful solution of the Russian-Chinese entanglement, Shanghai press dispatches flatly declare that Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang showed his fear of formal warfare by appealing to Nanking for government troops to protect the frontiers of the distant provinces of Sinkiang, Charhar, and Suiyuana. At the same time in Mukden press dispatches it is charged that Soviet raiders attacked a town and raided it for foodstuffs, which they carried off when they were obliged to leave the place on the arrival of Chinese reenforcements. But on the other hand Moscow Associated Press dispatches tell of a warning note sent by the Soviet Government through the German Embassy to the Chinese governments at Nanking and Mukden, in which we read:

"Already taking all measures to prevent Red troops from crossing the frontier, in even isolated cases, the Soviet Government believes Chinese authorities must disarm White detachments and check all raids on Soviet territory by Chinese units. Otherwise, further complications, caused by new attacks on Soviet territory, will fall entirely on the Nanking and Mukden governments."

International Newsreel photograph

AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-ONE

Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang is the military and political head of one of the richest sections of the Chinese Republic, covering an area of some 360,000 square miles, with a population of more than 25,000,000.

It is further related in these Moscow press dispatches that the official Tass News Agency reported that Soviet sources in Harbin quoted Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang as declaring that Chinese authorities had decided to resort to more energetic and drastic methods than imprisonment and deportation of Soviet citizens. As Marshal Chang looms thus large on the Manchurian horizon, it is of interest to note that he has attained this eminence through falling heir to the rule of Manchuria as the result of the death by bombing last year of his father, the late Chang Tso-ling, who, as G. C. Dixson remarks in the London *Daily Mail*, "ruled North China like an emperor for twenty-five years." The younger Chang is said to be of sturdy build, to have a strong chin, a somewhat receding forehead, and a quick, impetuous manner. He is altogether a man of action rather than a diplomat, but tho his father began as a leader of Hunghutzes (brigands), this British informant declares that he was first and foremost a statesman, and that he "knew to a nicety just how far he could go with the Reds in the north and the Japanese in the south, without inviting trouble." We read then:

"The Young Marshal—they always call him the Young Marshal, as if the office were hereditary, and he were born baton in hand—is not so tactful. He began by shooting two of his father's most trusted generals and advisers; and if it be true that he was designed merely for a figurehead, the impetuosity, not to say ferocity, with which he has overridden his supporters must by this time have disillusioned them.

"Chang was always a gambler, as a Chinese despot must be, and I hear that every year his passion for poker and mah-jong grows, and the stakes soar higher. When I knew him, four years ago, he was a healthy young leader of cavalry, keen on tennis and golf. The last time I saw him, in Mukden, he wore a white sweater with a black V, well-cut trousers, and a pair of black-and-white shoes."

At the end of a long talk, G. C. Dixson goes on to relate, the younger Chang offered him a lift to the Mukden Club, in what the owner described "as a car of incredible power." Outside, Mr. Dixson found "an ancient vehicle, driven by a soldier, and guarded by four more soldiers who clung to the footboard," and, we are told:

"'This,' observed the Young Marshal, as he courteously brushed a six-shooter from the seat, 'is a very peaceful country.' The car jerked into motion, and as we lurched and swayed round corners on two wheels and roared down the narrow, unformed street, Chang politely bellowed information.

"'The roads have been improved and many new buildings erected,' he shouted with pride, indicating some scaffoldings that flashed by. 'The population of Mukden since my father came has increased from four millions to forty millions.'

"'*Forty* millions?' I echoed, involuntarily betraying doubt. The Young Marshal pondered. Figures never mean much to a Chinese.

"'Well, four millions,' he conceded generously. 'The soil,' he went on, 'is also of a wonderful richness.'

"Opening my mouth to agree, I was nearly choked by the thick, yellow dust that swirled about us, and after a hurried analysis, simply nodded. The car jerked up, the bodyguard sprang to attention, and I climbed out.

"'The laws and trade, also,' the Young Marshal continued, 'have been greatly improved—would you like to play poker? Yes?'

"'No,' I said, and on that firm and thrifty note—for I had heard of the Young Chang's poker—I departed."

Thus appeared Manchuria's "dictator" to an English journalist, and while this report of Chang Hsueh-liang is partly confirmed by reliable Chinese sources, the Chinese view is of striking interest by way of contrast. To Chinese observers, who have studied Chang Hsueh-liang at close range, he is fundamentally a

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serious-minded young man, and thoroughly conscious of the responsibilities which rest upon him. Nevertheless, we are told, he is fond of sports and games, which he "plays with the wholeheartedness and abandon and irresponsibility of a rich man's son." His hobbies, it is argued, are safety-valves making for mental poise "in the midst of the political intrigue which necessarily surrounds a ruler dominating a region that is a focal point of international friction." Chinese accounts of him maintain that his present position in Manchuria is not merely a matter of inheritance, for—

"In spite of his comparative youth and presumable inexperience, young Chang was one of his father's trusted advisers. It was known even in the days when Chang Tso-ling was battling with a measure of success against the Nationalist forces that his son, Hsueh-liang, saw the ultimate triumph of the Nationalist movement. Chang Tso-ling's retreat from Peking last year was in no small measure due to his son's advice.

"As to his military ability, it suffices to say that Chang Hsueh-liang is credited with being the 'Conqueror of Nankow.' His command of the Fengtian forces against Feng Yu-hsiang at the battle of the seemingly impregnable Nankow Pass was the culmination of his father's campaign against the 'Christian General' in 1926, resulting in Chang Tso-ling's recovery of control over North China and Peking, which was maintained until the triumph of the Nationalists last year.

"Chang Hsueh-liang is destined to play a very important rôle in the reconstruction of China under the Nationalist régime. It remains to be seen whether he will be content to contribute his share to the permanent unification of the country, or whether he will allow his ambition to override his judgment."

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"THE EXTREME LIMIT"

to which Britain can go in achieving "a lasting and honorable settlement with Egypt" is reached in the proposals Mohammed Mahmoud Pasha, Egypt's Premier, will recommend to the Egyptian people and Parliament.

In this connection, it is interesting to note the remark of a contributor to the Shanghai *China Weekly Review* that China has little but the nominal possession of Manchuria, a possession which is "robbed of importance when the very heart of it is the guarded territory of another country," and he adds:

"Industrially and commercially the arena of South Manchuria already is monopolized by the Japanese. True, there is plenty of chance for further growth, but the fruits of that progress lose their allure when it is realized that Japan and the South Manchuria Railway will be the ultimate beneficiaries. Even if China had a strong National Government, the task of 'reclaiming' from the Japanese would be most difficult."

BRITAIN'S EGYPTIAN "LIMIT"

MORE WILL NEVER BE GIVEN to Egypt by Britain than is contained in the proposals for an Anglo-Egyptian settlement of outstanding questions which have been agreed upon between the Labor Government's Foreign Minister, Arthur Henderson, and Egypt's Premier, Mohammed Mahmoud Pasha. So indicates Mr. Henderson in a letter to the Egyptian Premier, in which he says that these proposals represent the "extreme limit" to which he could recommend His Majesty's Government to go. Egypt's Premier replies that he realizes the truth of this statement and will submit the proposals to the Egyptian people and Parliament "in the sincere belief that their acceptance would be in the best interests of my country."

Some British observers declare in cold, practical tones that if the Egyptians are well advised they will agree to the new terms as the best they are ever likely to get, and the London *Nation and Athenæum* (Ind.) remarks that the proposals are "sound and reasonable," and altho "they will certainly be hotly opposed by a section of Conservatives at Westminster there should be no difficulty in securing an adequate majority in the present House of Commons for a liberal foreign policy." But the gravest misgivings are felt by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the late Conservative Government, who is reported in Canadian press dispatches as saying at a luncheon in Toronto of the Henderson agreement that:

"It seems a weak policy, a selfish policy, a dog-in-the-manger policy, founded on an inadequate realization of our duties to foreign residents, to our own citizens, and the Egyptian peasants."

An Alexandria correspondent of the London *Daily Express* (Ind. Cons.), C. J. Ketchum, reports "general uneasiness" in Egypt where "foreigners are the principal sufferers," and he adds:

"No more devastating blow to British influence and British prestige generally in the Near East has ever been threatened by the British Government than that embodied in proposals for the treaty."

As summarized in the London *Daily Telegraph*, the principal points of the tentative agreement are:

"Evacuation of Egypt by the British Army, with the exception of the Suez Canal zone.

"Occupation of this zone to be confined to the area east of the parallel of longitude 32.

"This parallel runs about forty-five miles east of the Nile and about fifteen west of the canal.

"A treaty of alliance to be concluded.

"The capitulations to be abolished as soon as the consent of the other interested Powers can be obtained by Great Britain.

"These capitulations comprise the provisions under which lives and property of foreigners are safeguarded, including the right to have all cases involving foreigners tried before the Consular Courts.

"Exchange of Ambassadors. This involves the abolition of the High Commissionership.

"Any differences between Great Britain and Egypt arising out of the treaty to be submitted to the League of Nations."

Of adverse Conservative criticism, the independent London *New Statesman* says:

"The outburst of the die-hards should help considerably to improve the chances of the proposals in Egypt, for it will make the concessions seem even more generous and far-reaching than they are. Egyptian opinion, as voiced in the Cairo press and in the 'Marconigrams,' which are lavished on us from the provinces and the capital alike, is elated, tho *Al Balagh*, the organ of the Wafd, (Egyptian Nationalist party) adopts a more non-committal attitude pending the General Election. This, it is expected, will be held at the end of September or the beginning of October, and will no doubt give the Wafdists a large majority."

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LANCASHIRE GOES BACK TO WORK

HALF A MILLION COTTON WORKERS returned to their tasks after a three weeks' strike in the 1,500 mills of England's cotton region, Lancashire, and we are told that the restarted drone of machinery proclaimed the end of a stoppage that cost workers and employers millions of pounds sterling. The wage dispute which caused the strike, as was recorded in THE LITERARY DIGEST of August 10, is in the hands of a board of arbitration, and Manchester Associated Press dispatches advise us further that, pending the deliberations of the board, workers will be paid the old scale of wages until a settlement is reached. The spark that set the strike in motion, it will be recalled, was a proposed reduction of the present scale of wages by 12½ per cent. In welcoming the cessation of the strike, Premier Ramsay MacDonald issued a challenging call to British industry to tackle its problems with new energy and new spirit, and according to a special cable from London to the New York *Times*, apparently the Labor Government has in mind the granting of a subsidy to enable the cotton industry to regain its feet while the arbitration court is hearing the employers' claim for a reduction of wages. For, according to this press dispatch:

"Mr. MacDonald referred to a 'temporary accommodation' which will follow the arbitrators' award, and added:

"'This may be used as an opportunity for both sides and all sections in cotton to get together and face the facts and overcome them.'

"Taking the cotton industry as a whole, in all its interdependent sections, it requires 'far more cooperative organization,' in Mr. MacDonald's opinion. 'Peace and cooperation are essential, and workers must feel that their interests are not being sacrificed,' the Prime Minister said. 'After all, we work to live not any kind of a life, but a decent life.

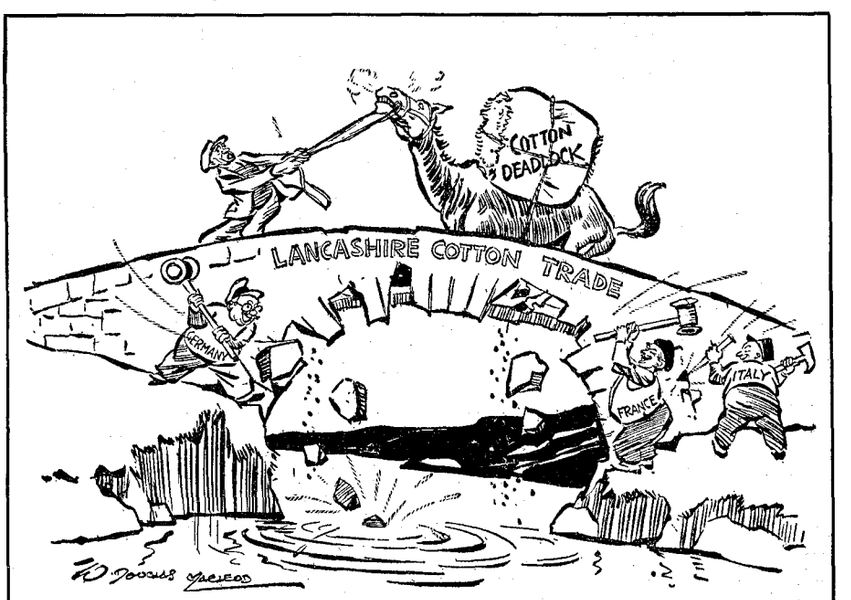
"'Our coal industry has been allowed to be torn by senseless rivalry and competition until in the end conditions have arisen which have created frightful problems both for the owners and the men.

"'I think the cotton industry saw the red light thrown out by the coal experiences, and I hope that coal is also prepared to put new energy and a new spirit into the solution of its difficulties.'"

The arbitration court in the cotton dispute, we learn from a Canadian press cable from Manchester, consists of five members, two nominated by the employers, two by the operatives, and an independent chairman to be mutually agreed upon. Both sides have undertaken to abide by the decision of the court, and the chairman is to be vested with all powers of an umpire in the event of a disagreement between the nominated members. We read then:

"Out of the present dispute may grow the establishment of a joint consultative committee to discuss any proposals which may be made to improve the conditions of the industry or to strengthen its competitive position. This suggestion was advanced by Sir Horace Wilson [Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Labor], and was welcomed by representatives of both sides of the dispute. It is planned to arrange to hold a joint meeting soon to consider it.

"Could such a permanent committee be set up, it would be one of the most important steps toward cooperation between employers and employees ever taken in a large-scale industry. It would result, it is hoped, in the creation of new common interests. Both sides would be made to feel, more than ever, that the prosperity of each depended on the welfare of the industry as a whole."



A STRIKE THAT CHEERED THE FOREIGN WRECKING-CREW

—*The Evening News* (Glasgow).

RUSSIA'S PITIFUL CHILD WORKERS

CRIES AGAINST THE TREATMENT of Soviet Russia's child workers are heard in journals issued actually within the confines of that so-called paradise of human liberty and justice. Some of these protests are so scathing it would seem incredible that the Soviet Government should permit them to be published. But the explanation given by certain Russian authorities is that this bitter criticism appears in publications which do not usually circulate outside of Russia. One of them is the official organ of the Union of Communist Youth, and is called the *Komsomol Pravda* (Moscow). As quoted by the *Journal de Genève*, this Russian newspaper declares:

"Our information shows that in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics there are at present more than 1,000,000 children between the years of eight and fourteen who are working as wage-earners. More than 300,000 of them work as shepherds, or in other agricultural occupations; hundreds of thousands more work with mechanics, while other thousands work as newspaper vendors or carriers. We are advised that the number of wage-earning children is constantly increasing, and that everywhere children are subjected to shameless exploitation.

"Consider the conditions in which they are obliged to live: They are beaten, they are absolutely without protection and they grow up feeble and ignorant beings. Soviet laws forbid the employment of child workers up to the age of fourteen. We propose to outline a plan covering a period of five years in order to put this law into effect."

This same newspaper of Communist youth relates that in the Moscow Government, children work twelve hours on end in the glass factories; and that in the Nijni Government there are thousands of wage-earning children who are not more than eight or nine years old. In the Government of Vladimir, it appears, the children are employed in large numbers in the cotton factories, and this Russian publication declares that the conditions in which they work are those of galley slaves. The children in these occupations suffer a systematic destruction of health, and we are further told that investigations in Leningrad have brought to light the fact that the little sellers of newspapers are subjected to scandalous mistreatment. The report of the *Journal de Genève* is that the *Pravda du Komsomol* and other similar publications, including the *Pravda des Pionniers*, assert that they all receive hundreds of letters containing irrefutable proof of the exploitation of Russian children.

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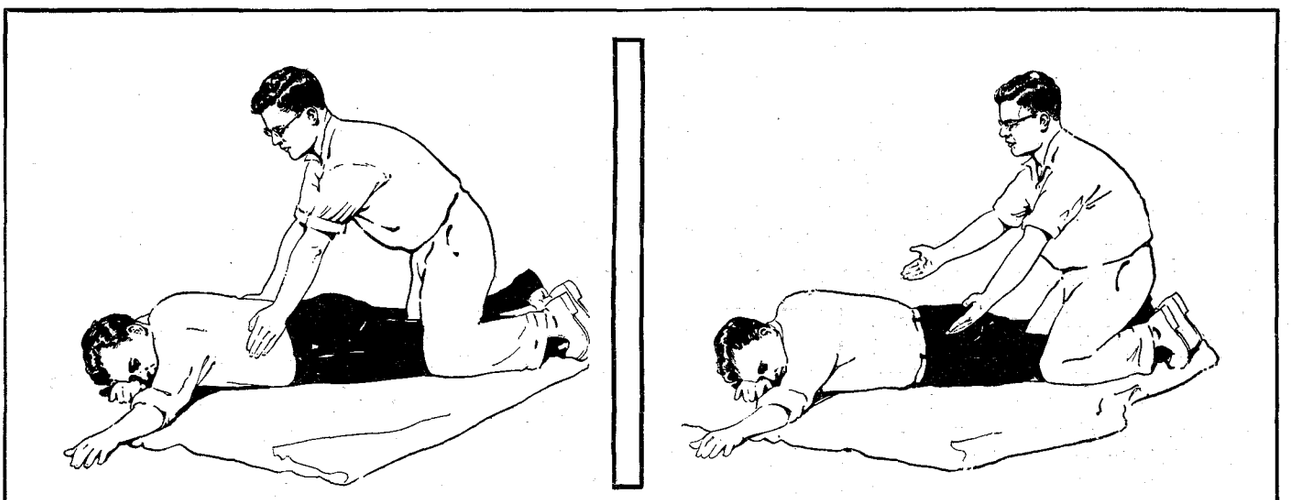
SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION



HOW TO RESUSCITATE A PERSON APPARENTLY DROWNED

Apply straight-arm pressure, as indicated in the first diagram. To time this movement, one may say: "Out goes the bad air." Next, quickly release the pressure, with a backward swing of the rescuer's body, as shown in the second diagram. To time this movement, say: "In comes the good." Repeat pressure and release until breathing begins and continues naturally. More detailed instruction will be found on the next page.

SAFETY IN THE WATER

HOW TO KEEP OUT OF DANGER in the water, and to resuscitate the apparently drowned, are described by Dr. Claude B. Fordyce, of Falls City, Nebraska, in an article contributed to *Hygeia* (Chicago). Dr. Fordyce's advice is timely, for he reminds us that last year drowning was second in the list of casualties, while automobile accidents were first, and Fourth of July accidents third. Many deaths each year, he says, are due simply to ignorance of the elementary principles of swimming and of proper methods of resuscitation. He writes further:

"An inventory of persons who take excursions on steamers, who hit wilderness waterways in canoes, or who go rowing on lakes out from summer resorts, reveals the surprizing fact that not one in fifty could take care of himself if the boat capsized. This percentage also holds in occupations in which the danger is always imminent, as among lumbermen, navy men and ships' crews.

"Twenty-five per cent. of all young men and boys more than twelve years of age do not know how to swim. Any one can learn, if he puts his mind to it. The principal strokes can even be learned on land and then applied in confidence in the water, best under a trained instructor.

"Overcoming fear is the first requisite in swimming and life-saving. The human body weighs but a pound or so more than the volume of water that it displaces. If a person keeps his wits about him, his head will safely stay above water.

"Attention to the hygiene of swimming will eliminate many of its hazards. It is well known, or should be, that to enter the water while one is perspiring is too much of a shock to the system. One should wet the head first when undertaking a swim, for this drives the blood to the great vessels of the body. When one enters the water feet first, the blood is sent to the head, resulting in a congestion of the brain and in a chilling of feet and trunk.

"One should never enter the water on a full stomach, for the blood is drawn to the vessels of the skin and muscles when it should be assisting the stomach in digestion. Not to bathe for two hours after a meal or to eat for two hours after a swim is a good rule.

"Cramps are painful but not dangerous. Cramps are universally given as a cause of drowning, whereas ignorance about swimming and life-saving are the usual causes. We need to use neither arms nor legs to float, which is a safety measure in dire emergency. Cramps usually affect but one limb, and the thing to remember when so attacked is not to thrash the water trying to climb up and out, for this really puts us down and in.

"Cramps usually affect the calf of the leg. A little massage or friction will eliminate the cramp but not the panic; panic is a mental process which proper acquaintance with water craftsmanship will forever banish. If the water is moderately cool, one should stay in but ten or fifteen minutes. It is wise to get right out if the teeth chatter and if the skin turns blue, which mean that the circulation is not reacting properly to the chill.

"As a protection to the skin, sun tan is desirable. The actinic rays of the sun are good for us if taken in moderation, but we must not acquire this tan too quickly. To prevent sunburn, the white-skinned bather can protect his body by a liberal smearing of the body with cold cream, lanolin, or vaseline, altho distance swimmers do this largely as a preventive of chill.

"Woolen bathing-suits should be worn in preference to cotton, for the former provide insulation that tempers the chill of the water, while clammy cotton does not.

"The first requisite in getting acquainted with the water is to overcome fear; nothing can happen if we keep our wits about us. It is a pernicious practise to throw a child playfully yet thoughtlessly in the water, or to push a novice off banks or retaining-walls into the depths. The result is certain fright, and it may take years for him to overcome a fear complex when he thinks of the water. Let the water win the beginner's confidence; teach him how to float, then some of the simple strokes, ever impressing on him that he is master of his environment. The majority of persons who learn to swim are mistaught, yet swimming is mastered with facility once fear is overcome.

"When a person gets panicky, he generally does everything he can do to drown himself. He tries frantically to lift his body out of the water, he tries to climb out by using the air for a rope, which makes him sink deeper; he shouts for help and gets all of the needed air out of the lungs.

"It is interesting to know that one hand out of the water weighs more than a whole body in the water, so we should keep our hands in the water. A man in distress in the water can take a tip from a land animal which, when thrown into the water, sets up a running motion and makes for the shore; all the human being needs to do is to get his body in a horizontal plane and dog-paddle to safety. He should concentrate all efforts toward keeping afloat, never straining to grasp the edge of a boat or a wharf which is just out of reach. If he is caught in the ocean undertow, he can avoid catastrophe by giving a push with the foot on the bottom, thus springing up through the current to the top of the water."

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Every one should know how to employ artificial respiration to a person apparently drowned. The steps, as recommended by Red Cross first-aid instructors, are shown in the two diagrams on the opposite page. This prone pressure method, as directed by the American Red Cross, is given by Dr. Fordyce as follows:

"When the patient is removed from the water, get to work at once with your hands. If possible, send for a physician, but meanwhile get to work yourself.

"Lay the patient on his stomach. Extend one arm directly over his head.

"Bend the other arm at the elbow, and rest the patient's cheek on his hand, to keep the nose and mouth off the ground and free for breathing.

"Kneel facing forward, straddling the patient's legs above the knees. Place the palms of the hands on each side of his back, just above the belt line and about four inches apart, thumbs and fingers together, the little fingers over and following the line of the lowest ribs and the tips of fingers just out of sight.

"With arms straight, lean gradually forward, pressing downward and forward, and counting slowly, one, two, three. Snap your hands sideways off the patient's back. Swing your body back, counting slowly, four, five. Rest. Straighten the arms and repeat the pressure.

"To assist in timing the three movements of straight-arm pressure, quick release, and swing back (about twelve per minute), repeat during the period of pressure, 'Out goes the bad air'; snap off your hands and repeat during the period of release, 'In comes the good.' Keep working steadily until breathing begins and continues naturally. Unless a physician takes charge, remove the patient, well covered, on a stretcher to a hospital or to his home.

"When helpers arrive, put them to work; send for a physician; clean the patient's mouth of obstructions; stimulate reflexes; loosen tight clothing; rub the legs and the body toward the heart; supply clothing and heated articles to maintain heat, and have them relieve the operator when he is tired. Place aromatic spirits of ammonia near the patient's nose at frequent intervals.

"When the patient begins to breathe naturally once more and is able to swallow, give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirit of ammonia in half a glass of water, or some hot water, coffee, or tea."

ONE WAY TO FOOL INSECTS—Diversification of crops as a method of getting rid of noxious insects was advocated in a recent address at Cold Spring Harbor by Prof. Charles T. Brues of Harvard. His plan, says Dr. E. E. Free, in *New York*, "deserves consideration from every one interested in the future of agriculture, which ought to mean every citizen of the United States." We read in that paper:

"It may be, he said, that the present trend toward larger farms, mechanical operation, big business combinations in farming, and the like is not merely wrong but impossible. What threatens it, he suspects, is not law, but bugs. It runs counter, perhaps, to what the world's insects will force us to do, if not to what they want us to do. Large fields devoted to the same crop, whole States or counties employing the same fundamental kind of agriculture, are excellent business units. Machinery may have its most efficient use. Skilful superintendence may be spread thinner without loss or danger; something always desirable in any modern industry where really able men, as usual, are scarce.

"Beginning in California with fruit and vegetable farming, in the Middle West with cattle and corn, and in the South with cotton, this large-unit organization of agriculture has proved economically efficient, and has been felt by most experts to be inevitable. The new difficulty which Professor Brues points out is that this is also the kind of agriculture most satisfactory to the bugs. Many insects, if not most of them, are particular about what they eat. Their especial food or home or breeding-place is some one variety of plant. When only one plant is grown in a whole State that plant's insect enemies wax numerous and spread everywhere. Old-fashioned diversified agriculture stops such spreads, for cotton insects come soon to a field of corn and corn insects to one of cotton. Diversification provides fences which insects can not cross, or cross but slowly and imperfectly."

FIGHTING THE SMOKE DEMON

TABLES QUOTED SOME TIME AGO in these columns appeared to show that St. Louis was then the smokiest city in the Union. Whether or not the tests on which these were based were reliable, smoke here and elsewhere is now recognized as highly objectionable. The Citizens' Smoke Abatement League of St. Louis, in a recent pamphlet describing its work, calls smoke "admittedly an intolerable nuisance, and without doubt the greatest single drawback to the proper development of our city." The League has now been functioning for three years, and believes that it has succeeded in notably abating this nuisance. It says:

"The guiding policy was based upon the belief that while total elimination of smoke will not be possible so long as high-volatile bituminous coal continues to be the chief fuel burned in the city, the amount of atmospheric pollution can be materially reduced by a concerted effort to burn this coal in accordance

A CARTOON WARNING AGAINST THE SMOKE MENACE

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

with scientific principles. Accordingly, the League concentrated its attention along three major lines of activity:

"(1) The education of householders, janitors, and firemen in proper methods of firing, and stimulating interest in the subject by the frequent publication of news items.

"(2) The continuous recording of observations designed to measure the amount of atmospheric pollution, and the prosecution of research work to develop effective firing methods and improved furnace appliances and design.

"(3) Active and friendly cooperation with city officials who are charged with the responsibility of enforcing the city ordinances.

"The educational program has been carried out with unremitting energy. The thirty-two supervisors and instructors employed by the League, working in the eight districts into which the territory was divided, have given instruction to many thousands of individual householders and janitors. The records show that in a very large percentage of these cases persistent offenders were either completely cured or brought within the limits prescribed by the ordinance. This educational campaign has shown beyond any doubt that efforts of this type can successfully reduce smoke; one of the most valuable results has been the extensive revamping, on an unprecedented scale, of defective equipment.

"The League has from time to time published data showing the percentage reduction in the amount of smoke produced by

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various classes of furnace equipment and in the city as a whole. The attitude of the public with respect to these announcements has ranged all the way from placid acceptance, through amused raillery, to contemptuous rejection.

"The actual measurements are of three types: (1) The periodical weighing of soot and dust that collects in receptacles placed at strategically located points in the area to be studied; (2) observation of the density of smoke issuing from a large number of typical stacks and chimneys; (3) counts of the number of particles of solid matter suspended in samples of air collected at designated stations. The very nature of the widespread origin of the smoke pall has thus far made it impossible to devise a method that permits direct measurement of its magnitude as a whole. Until some one comes forward with such a method, the sampling methods must be continued, and the conclusions deduced from them must be accepted as indicating trends of improvement or retrogression, as the case may be. The figures for St. Louis, based upon observations carefully made, and recorded in such a way that they are easily understandable by any one who cares to inspect them, show unmistakably that there has been a progressive improvement. The reason for skepticism is plain—the initial conditions were so extremely bad that the 50 per cent. reduction claimed within the last two years still leaves room for wholesale betterment.

"Smokeless combustion of high-volatile coal is possible, but it requires equipment designed to meet the conditions. In large industrial plants these conditions call for automatic stokers, of the chain-grate or underfeed type, adequate and controlled air supply, sufficient combustion space, and proper chimney draft. In smaller plants, as in apartment-houses, automatic stokers are not as a rule feasible, but some form of down-draft grate, or underfeed stoker, with proper firing and adequate draft will suffice. Many of the small household furnaces are hopeless without the addition of such a device as the Azbe baffle, and some are hopeless, no matter what is done. In such cases the only hope is the use of smokeless coal."

MORE ABOUT MALE ATTIRE

THE AGITATION FOR REFORM in men's dress, which has not yet got beyond the columns of the press, is not likely to bear fruit at present, concludes a writer in *The Daily Mail* (London; Continental edition). Men are shy creatures, he says, and would rather die than wear anything unconventional in public. He writes:

"Now that the highest lawn-tennis authority has decided that it has no power to forbid women to play that game bare-legged, it was inevitable that attention should be concentrated on the oddities of male dress. It seems to be universally agreed that male dress at the present time is the most unhygienic, inartistic, somber, and depressing form of costume that the mind could well imagine. But the difficulty is to get the idea of a brighter, more hygienic, and more picturesque attire into the mind of the mere male.

"The male is a shy creature, and has always been particularly fearful of appearing conspicuous. He looks very much askance at projects which would require him to go back to the fashions, say, of the pre-Raffaelite man, and to wear tights of different startling colors on either leg and queer jerkins without any pockets in them. It is to be feared that he could never be habituated to the carrying of such belongings as his money, his letters, and his cigaret-case in a ridiculous little bag, which he would be apt to forget or drop fifty times a day.

"Nor would most men like to be drest up in trousers with frills, or to wear lace-trimmed 'plus fours.'

"Last year Sir William Orpen was good enough to contribute a hot-weather design for men's dress to *The Daily Mail*. His ideal man was garbed in a soft hat, which in appearance somewhat resembled the steel helmet of the war: below it appeared a coatee of quite original cut, and below that again a somewhat exiguous straw kilt of something the same kind as that worn by kanakas at Hawaii, while the legs were bare and the feet adorned with sandals. It was an excellent scheme of decoration, but the average man is so constituted that he would sooner be seen dead than be observed wearing it in Piccadilly; nor are we ourselves certain that, with Buchan cold periods and other disagreeable phenomena of our climate, it is entirely suited to the weather of the normal English summer.

"After all, men's clothes as they are to-day have the merit of longevity and of relative cheapness."

SOME NEW FEATURES OF THE EDISON TEST

THE EDISON SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION is not regarded by Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington) as what psychologists would call primarily a test of aptitude or inborn bent for inventive work. It really combines, says *The Bulletin*, the general information test made famous by Edison several years ago with the old-style scholastic examination in physics, chemistry, and mathematics. A novel feature of the examination consists of a few questions testing character and judgment. We read further:

"Testing character in this way, rather than by testimonial, is a modern development which has come into use along with the modern psychological examinations, first brought into prominence by the Army intelligence tests.

"No use was made of what is perhaps the latest method of examination, now used in college entrance, Civil Service, and employment tests of the newer sort. This is called the 'short-answer test.' It saves the applicant work, and at the same time allows precise and uniform grading of all the examination papers. Such new style test questions can be answered by 'Yes' or 'No,' or by marking one of several given possible answers. Psychologists are interested in the fact that Edison did not use this method, as it is considered the simplest and most efficient form. It also makes the test independent of the person's ability to express himself in English and, since the scientific ability or inventive genius is not necessarily related to fluency in English composition, it would have eliminated a handicap to some.

"Altho many mechanical-ingenuity tests, such as assembling block and wire puzzles, or putting together simple pieces of machinery, have been devised, the Edison test did not, so far as announced, include similar problems. The tests made with physical apparatus rather than pencil and paper have been found to be valuable in picking those with imagination and reasoning ability useful in careers of invention and mechanical construction.

"The first part of the Edison scholarship examination contains questions of the sort with which any schoolboy is familiar. They might have been taken from any college examination or from the entrance examinations for Annapolis or West Point. The following is typical:

"'Define work, energy, and power, and give an illustration of each. How does weight differ from mass? How does force differ from energy? Would a body weigh more or less on the moon than on the earth? Why? Where would bodies weigh nothing?'

"The questions in part two are more novel. They are designed to give the examiner an insight into the character and mental make-up of the boy examined. Some test ingenuity. Some measure ethical judgment. Some are designed to bring out the boy's ability to look ahead into the future. Here are some that probably no two people would answer in the same way:

"'What new discovery or invention do you believe would be the greatest benefit to mankind? Why?'

"'If you had been given a certain experiment to perform, and had been informed that it could be done successfully, but you had failed ten times, what would you do?'

"'If you were to inherit $1,000,000 within the next year, what would you do with it?'

"Part three is the old bugbear that has afflicted every one who has ever applied for a job or attended business school. 'Assuming that you have just graduated from high school and are anxious to land a job, write a letter—' You know the rest of it.

"Part four is mostly the test of general information that Mr. Edison has relied on so much in the past. At the end, however, are two posers which do not come under this classification. Volumes might be written about them. Take a long pencil and try it yourself.

"'What, in your opinion, should be done to improve the airplane?'

"'Do invention and industry promote international agreement?'

"Those familiar with the problems of modern employment procedure would hesitate to use this type of examination as a regular means of selecting men. They would question the possibility, for example, of giving any definite numerical rating to the answers of some of the questions. Suppose one boy thinks the new oil-burning motor is the key to improvement in the airplane. Another believes that a new alloy for making the frame is more important. Who can say which should get the higher mark? And how much higher?"

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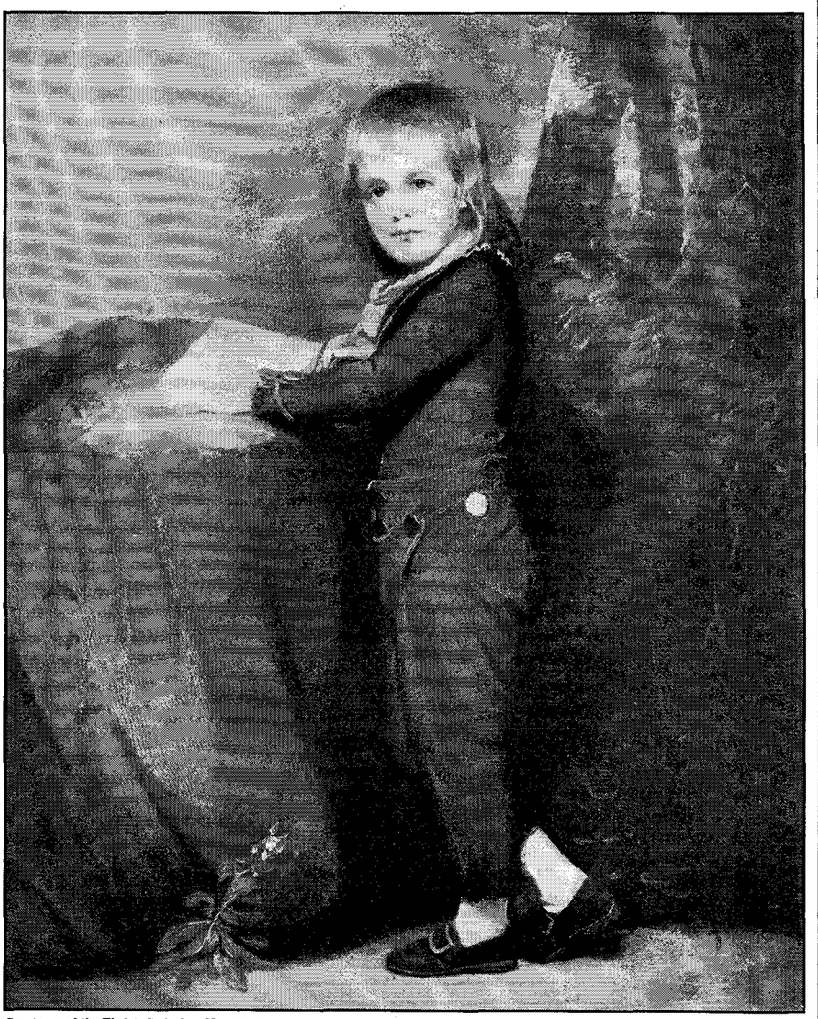
ANOTHER "BLUE BOY"

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, like his friend Samuel Johnson and other eighteenth-century notables, liked to pontificate. Sir Joshua laid down a law about portrait-painting that it must be done in what the painters call "warm colors," browns and reds and grays, etc. Forthwith Gainsborough and Romney set his dictum at defiance and produced their "Blue Boys." One of these has been several years in America, and now another has come to bask under the same sun. One of the Romney "Blue Boys"—he painted two—is reported sold "to an unnamed resident of Long Island for between $250,000 and $300,000. The New York *Herald Tribune* pursues the story:



Courtesy of the Ehrich Galleries, New York

ROMNEY'S ANSWER TO SIR JOSHUA

Reynolds said portraits should be painted in "warm" colors, and Romney replied with this and another "Blue Boy." He was backed up by Gainsborough with a like achievement.

"The picture was last in the collection of Mrs. Walter Burns, of London, sister of the late J. P. Morgan, and was inherited, upon her death, by Walter S. M. Burns, her son, who sold it to the Ehrich Galleries last July. The galleries, of which Harold L. Ehrich is head, have now in turn disposed of it. There was much speculation in London art circles as to the price for which the painting was purchased, and it generally was understood to have been very high, even for a Romney. The picture was brought to this country on February 26.

"Romney's 'Blue Boy' is not to be confused with the picture of the same name by Gainsborough, purchased by the late Henry E. Huntington, from Sir Joseph Duveen, for a sum said to have been in excess of $1,000,000. The Romney painting, altho of undoubted authenticity, and done in the artist's best style, has an obscure history, due to the fame of its namesake. Romney's 'Blue Boy' is a portrait of Master Tennant, of Staffordshire, and was painted in 1789. In the artist's account book is the notation: 'Sent home to Ashton Hall, Staffordshire, June 17, 1789; paid in full by Mr. Tennant 50 gs, June 22,' and there are letters from the artist to the effect that he had the boy sit nine times for his portrait.

"At the time of the sale in England the London *Morning Telegraph* stated: 'Romney painted two "Blue Boys," one of Master Lushington (in the collection of Mrs. Lubbock, of Byfleet), the other the delightful painting of Master Tennant. The former was his first attempt at a "Blue Boy," and was painted in 1782. The Tennant boy sat for Romney seven years later. The two dates cover what might be called the Blue Boy period in the history of English painting.'

"The painting shows a boy in woodland setting, writing on a sheet of paper with a large boulder for a resting place. He has yellow hair, and wears a short blue jacket, with long blue trousers, white stockings, low shoes, and a lace collar.

"The story goes that the series of 'Blue Boy' paintings resulted from a controversy started by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who declared that the prevailing tone of a portrait should be warm, not cold, and that reds, yellows, and browns should predominate rather than blues and greens. To challenge this dictum, Romney and Gainsborough painted their 'Blue Boys,' and the most notable examples of their work in this field are now both in America.

"Other examples of Romney's work owned in this country include the portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland, purchased last April, in London, by Howard Young, the New York art dealer, for the collection of Lawrence P. Fisher, of Detroit, for $350,000, and a number of less famous portraits in the Huntington collection."

The Times furnishes some facts in the life history of the winsome little lad:

"Master Tennant, who was born about 1783, was the son of William Tennant of Ashton House, Staffordshire. The father was born about 1754, and became a Lieutenant-Colonel in his country's militia. He married first, Mary, daughter of the rector of Aldridge, who became the mother of the 'Blue Boy.' Master Tennant entered Eton in 1794, and later attended Christ Church. He married a daughter of the first Baron of Yarborough in 1804. In 1835 he died in Sussex."

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BRINGING ART TO THE MASSES

THE MAN IN THE STREET could have no complaint against the management of the Newark Library under John Cotton Dana. He thought a library "far too limited, too restricted, when it failed to touch the large portion of the population whose interests lay chiefly in commercial pursuits." The city which he served from 1902 until his death this year is an essentially business city, and Newark fully appreciated the man who wrote: "If the practical man who had no yearnings for culture or other such nonsense turned up his nose at the library, I suspected that the fault lay not with the practical man but with the librarian." *The Art News* (New York) publishes one of its longest editorials on the career of Mr. Dana, in which we read:

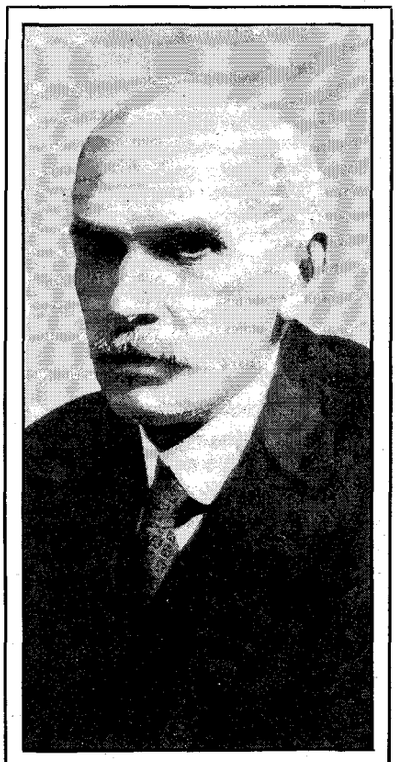
"Mr. Dana started the first public business library in the country, and still the largest and most complete. The Business Branch of the Newark Public Library was started in 1904. The Branch is now located in a building, erected for it by the city at 34 Commerce Street, and is the high point of the information service which Mr. Dana built up in all departments of the library to supply Newarkers quickly and effectively with the knowledge and information which may be found in print."

The Newark Museum is an outgrowth of the Public Library. It has reflected the same practical policy that was the inspiration of the library. Under Mr. Dana it held exhibitions that aimed to display art in industry, and to further the interests of American art in particular. From time to time he exhibited German applied art, New Jersey pottery, American leather, etc. But of fine arts we read:

"As early as 1914, in his book, 'American Art: How it Can be Made to Flourish,' he wrote: 'Art has always flourished where it was asked to flourish, and never elsewhere. If we wish for a renaissance of art in America we must be students and patrons of endeavors which seem humble, but are in truth of the utmost importance, here at home . . . we must buy American art; next, we must study it; next we must criticize it, adversely where we feel compelled; and, finally, we must praise it where we can.'

"These ideas of Mr. Dana's which he backed up with exhibits and purchases have helped in bringing about the present renaissance of interest in American art. From the time he organized the Newark Museum in 1909, Mr. Dana was a keen and constructive critic of museum ideals and museum work. He held that museums should be less conservative and more experimental. He often said that little attempt was made by museums to discover what their communities needed. 'No careful study,' he said, 'seems to have been made of what a given community will use, will enjoy, will profit from and will cheerfully support in the form of a museum. Nearly all museums have either grown haphazard, or in accordance with preconceived ideas of donors, trustees, directors, and curators. The obvious course for a museum association, which aimed to create a museum to fit the tastes and needs of its community, was to proceed by a series of experiments with consequent acceptance or rejection of each as helpful or as useless.

"'A survey of all the many museums in our country suggests that a much too large per cent. of them are of little service, adding to the lives of those who live near them few interests, few pleasures, few enthusiasms, little knowledge or wisdom, and failing even to arouse that little touch of local pride which a battle monument, for example, however awful, usually inspires in most of us. These failures are by no means all due to museum poverty. There are quite rich museums which are swollen with "museum-pieces," and call themselves purely artistic, and yet have only a tiny clientele and wield only a minute influence.'"



JOHN COTTON DANA

Who said, in reference to America, "Art has always flourished where it was asked to flourish, and never elsewhere."

BOOKS FOR THE FROZEN SOUTH

THE "DESERT ISLAND" HAS LONG been provided with reading matter; the latest interest is to provide books for an Antarctic expedition, in which minds of very different caliber participate. The ship's stokers are expected to need diversion for long inactive hours—when the ship is possibly frozen in—as well as the scientific minds of the expedition. Sir Douglas Mawson's expedition in the *Discovery*, bound for the Antarctic regions, will be equipped with one hundred books. Of course, that is the talismanic number. The London *Daily News* gives the summary in which we suspect the word "titles" instead of "books" should be employed:

"First on the list is the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' as a final court of appeal to settle all arguments when their use for entertainment is exhausted and the dialecticians are satiated. The 'Concise Oxford Dictionary' should settle all questions on the fascinating subject of Words.

"Seven was considered a fair proportion to allot to poetry, drama, and philosophy. In so small a library, with so long a time of use, quantity of matter and smallness of bulk are factors. After Shakespeare's works, all the modern playwrights but one are represented by Harrap's selection, one-act plays of to-day; Shaw is the exception. 'Saint Joan' has caught the selectors' eyes. Masefield's poems are chosen to suit a seafaring company, and the 'Oxford Book of English Verse' provides the classics.

"The comparatively large number of twenty-four has been given to the History, Travel, and Biography section, with a view to the object of the ship, and eight to Popular Science. Polar Exploration naturally preponderates—Scott's 'Voyage of Discovery,' his edited Diaries, Scott's Last Expedition, 'South and the Heart of the Antarctic,' by Sir Ernest Shackleton; Wild's 'Voyage of the *Quest*'; Priestley's 'With Scott in the Antarctic'; 'The Voyage of the *Scotia*,' by three members of the staff; 'Antarctica,' by Hayes, and 'Antarctica,' by Nordenskjold; and 'The Teeth of the Blizzard,' by the present scientific leader, Sir Douglas Mawson.

"Oceanography, too, is well represented in this section, by 'Depths of the Ocean' (Murray and Hjorth), 'Introduction to Oceanography' (James Johnson), and 'Science of the Sea' (E. J. Allen). Here also are included T. E. Lawrence's 'Revolt in the Desert,' Hakluyt's 'Voyages,' 'Travels of Marco Polo,' Fraser's 'The Golden Bough' (abridged), Trevelyan's 'History of England,' Prescott's 'Conquest of Mexico,' Wells's 'History of the World,' Pepys's 'Diary,' Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' Lytton Strachey's 'Elizabeth and Essex,' and 'Great Short Biographies of the World,' a one-volume collection by Messrs. Heinemann.

"For Essays we have Peacock's selection, Milne's 'The Sunny Side,' and Mencken's 'Selected Prejudices,' 'Neon on the Great Delusion,' J. A. C. Watson on Evolution, Flammarion's 'Popular Astronomy,' and Henry Clay's 'Economics for the General Reader' complete the Popular Science section."

Fiction is chosen to the extent of fifty-three volumes. Scott, Jane Austen, De Maupassant, and R. L. Stevenson are represented entire. English fiction naturally is allotted the largest share, but American fiction is satisfied with O. Henry, Mark Twain, Herman Melville, Dreiser, Willa Cather, and Sinclair Lewis in one representation each. Continental fiction is represented in nine examples. Thus:

Cervantes, "Don Quixote"; Rabelais, "Unexpurgated Works"; Fielding, "Tom Jones"; Sterne, "Tristram Shandy"; George Eliot, "Romola"; Charles Reade, "Cloister and the Hearth"; Herman Melville, "Moby Dick"; Rolf Boldrewood, "Robbery Under Arms"; Ralph Rashleigh (edited by Lord Birkenhead); Dumas, "Count of Monte Cristo"; Borrow, "Lavengro";

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O. Henry, Short Stories; Harriet Wilsou's Memoirs (ed. James Laever); Meredith, "Diana of the Crossways"; Hardy, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles"; Tolstoy, "War and Peace"; Ibáñez, "Mare Nostrum"; Mark Twain, "The Innocents Abroad"; Butler, "Way of All Flesh"; Conrad, "Nostramus"; Don Byrne, "Hangman's House"; Locke, "The Rough Road"; Dostoyevsky, "The Brothers Karamazov"; Merejowski, "The Forerunner"; George Moore, "Esther Waters"; K. W. Jacobs, "The Skipper's Wooing"; Ian Maclaren, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush"; Galsworthy, "Forsyte Saga"; Wells, "William Clissold" and "A Quartette of Comedies"; Arnold Bennett, "Clayhanger"; Kipling, "Kim"; Chesterton, "The Flying Inn"; Barrie, "The Little Minister"; Dreiser, "An American Tragedy"; Mottram, "Spanish Farm"; Philip Gibbs, "Street of Adventure"; Willa Cather, "Death Comes for the Archbishop"; Rose Macaulay (three novels, one volume), "Orphan Island," "Crewe Train," "Told by an Idiot"; Sinclair Lewis, "Arrowsmith"; Romain Rolland, "Jean Christophe"; C. E. Montague, "Fiery Particles"; Conan Doyle, "Complete Sherlock Holmes"; Birmingham, "Spanish Gold"; Rider Haggard, "Allan Quatermain"; Raphael Sabatini, "The Sea Hawk"; J. J. Bell, "Wee Macgregor"; D. K. Broster, "The Flight of the Heron"; P. C. Wren, "Beau Ideal."

THE TALKIE BONE OF CONTENTION, ANGLO-AMERICAN

THE BRITISH SOUL has been mightily perturbed over the imminent dominance of the American voice in the talkies. So their discovery of one of "the best talkie voices" as English helps to allay their fears. "Those who prophesied the success of the English voice in the 'talkies,'" writes the film critic of *The Evening Standard* (London), "are strikingly justified by 'Behind That Curtain.' A comparatively unknown English actor, Gilbert Emery, walks away with the picture." Some other Englishmen are mentioned, but "it is Mr. Emery who will attract every one's ear." It will be a shock to these discoverers to learn that Mr. Emery is an American, especially since he so completely fills their requirements in manner as well as voice:

"Mr. Emery is a tall, distinguished man, with a clear, incisive English voice—one of the pleasantest yet discovered by the 'talkies.' He is perfectly cast in the rôle of Sir Frederick Bruce, of Scotland Yard. He suggests the best type of British Army officer or administrator."

Mr. Emery will be recognized at once as the author of "Tarnish" and as a player in "Paris Bound." There is perhaps a wider misapprehension on the part of British writers in their hailing the talkies as a boon to them. Of course the English-speaking world would prefer their speech, and here was their great opportunity. But the film critic of the London *Times*, in a long examination of the subject, hopes almost against hope that "the talkies may give us [the British] that key to the American market for lack of which the British industry, quota or no quota, was perishing." He administers a warning to his readers:

"British people, it is said, will prefer British speech to American; therefore we shall have an advantage, at least, in the Imperial market. There may be some advantage in parts of England itself, but whether in our own industrial north, or in Scotland, or in Wales, or in the Dominions, the speech of Oxford (if that be the standard) will be more familiar and so less irritating than American is open to grave doubt. Of the American taste, let Mr. Rowson speak. In his recent address to the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association, he said:

"'I was sitting next to a group of young women in New York recently, watching "Bull-Dog Drummond." After about twenty minutes I overheard one of these women say: "You get tired of all this English, don't you?"—a sentiment which evoked the ready assent of her companions. And, as to Ronald Colman, they could not conceal the disappointment they experienced at the discovery that he spoke a different language from their own! What right have we to assume that American Fans would prefer our English to theirs?'

"The happy legend, then, may be put aside, and the discarding of it suggests a nightmare alternative. The purpose of the British industry is, and must be, to enter the American market. Is it not possible that, in order to make our product more acceptable there, we may be driven to import or to imitate American actors, with this sad consequence—that the language most acceptable to the Middle West may become the standard language of the British screen? This is more than a nightmare; it is a serious possibility; and whoever is rejoicing in the coming of talkies would do well to imagine his children and grandchildren speaking to him in the accents of Kansas and Iowa.

"The one safeguard seems to be that extremely American pronunciation does not reproduce well. There is something clipt and monotonous in the harsher twangs against which even microphones rebel. For this reason many American film-makers are seeking for English actors, or, at any rate, for those among their own countrymen whose speech is not extravagantly Western. Our children and grandchildren are thus being granted a temporary respite until the day comes when men of science crown their achievements with a recording and reproducing apparatus patient of voices a 100 per cent. American."

The international producer, Mr. C. B. Cochran, who has a wider purview, owns himself "mildly amused by the amount of talk that the talkies have engendered." "They have talked," he says, in *The Daily Express* (London), "the scarce-born British film industry into a—to my mind—premature coffin." And that he finds a "pity":

"They are also, it is alleged, threatening to talk the English language off the map of the world, and to substitute for it Hollywoodese.

"The pessimists are, as usual, busy with prediction. They say that the beauties of pure English speech are doomed, and that only the more blatant intonations and vowel and consonantal acrobatics of America will henceforth be heard.

"Actually, of course, this is just so much nonsense.

"First of all, we have to remember that the speech of cultivated Americans is much nearer that of cultivated English people than that of the latter is to the accents of, say, the average Staffordshire or Scottish business man.

"The American film artist of the talkie era again will be chosen not merely for appearance, but for vocal physique and technique.

"My own prophecy is that the talkie will have the effect of teaching America to listen to speech and to select from the countless widely different accents of the United States a norm or correct and tuneful pronunciation and enunciation.

"That is where, in my opinion, English, as we know it, is bound to win, for the canon of English speech is not the affectation of this or that university or social grade, but a tacit and unconscious agreement that certain sounds, tones, and rhythms are beautiful and effective, while others are not so clear and pleasant.

"In short, the best English accent is lack of accent.

"Of course, climate and other environmental conditions have much to do with the variation of dialect and accent. For instance, cold climates are nearly always distinguished by thinner vocal sounds. The broad 'a' of sunny Italy is shortened to the 'ai' sound of London, and traveling northward becomes in Scotland almost 'ee.'

"But if any one doubts the climatic determination of speech, let him listen to the Yorkshireman of the cold eastern slopes, and then to his neighbor of the sheltered dales.

"I have heard the theory advanced that the so-called 'talking through the nose' of the more raw Americans is derived from the whining drawl of Puritan ancestors transcended into a folk-habit.

"This may be so, or, again, there may be some physical reason to seek. But the fact remains that your sensitive and traveled American tends always to approach nearer to the norm of what is generally admitted to be good English speech.

"Beautiful speech, like charity, begins at home. We English should see that our accent and the melody and rhythms of our speech are not corrupted by imitations of popular vaudeville artists, arbitrary dons, or affected social leaders.

"We must keep our speech simple, remembering that a wireless announcer's 'refaned' influence may be just as dangerous as the nasal squawk of some Lithuanian-Chicago darling of Hollywood, and that the fruity, supercilious drawl of a country parson has only the warrant of false snobbery to back its claim to superiority over the rich tonality of the peasant speech of East Anglia or Gloucestershire.

"Our mother tongue is a magnificent heritage of sound as well as sense. I think its native beauty will prevail in spite of the onslaughts of Oxford and Broadway, Kensington and the Middle West."

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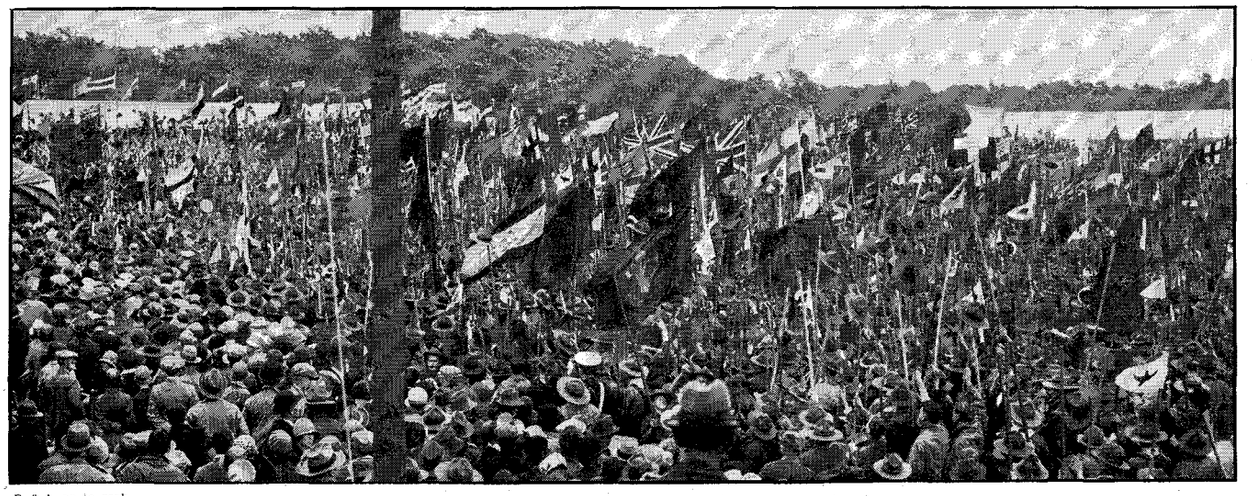
RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE



P. & A. photograph

A YOUTH'S LEAGUE OF NATIONS

A part of the great international gathering of Boy Scouts at their coming-of-age Jamboree at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, England. The massed flags represent forty-two nations. Around them are 50,000 Scouts, "the glory and splendor of the world's boyhood."

THE BOY SCOUTS' GREAT JAMBOREE

THE TENTS ARE DOWN AT ARROWE PARK, and a lone lad is even now, perhaps, toiling through the Himalayas back to his home to tell his playmates of the new friends he has found across the seas. In every other quarter of the globe boys of every racial hue, of every creed, of every caste and of none, are dreaming of the World Jamboree of the Boy Scouts in the damp fields of England. It was the greatest, gayest gathering of the democracy of youth the world has known. There were 50,000 of them, representing forty-two nations, sons of men who had fought against each other fifteen years before, assembled under the banner of friendship, good fellowship, and service. The occasion was, too, the coming of age of the Boy Scouts, founded twenty-one years ago by Lord Baden-Powell, a grizzled youth of seventy-two summers, affectionately known the world over as "B. P." Since 1908 the Boy Scout movement has swept the whole world, and in the service its members have rendered, we are reminded, they have grandly vindicated Disraeli's solemn saying that "the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity."

Dispatches tell us that tears welled up in the eyes of veteran beholders of the march past the Duke of Connaught, who opened the Jamboree, so profoundly inspired were they by the sight of these hosts of modern knighthood—boys black, brown, red, and white, panoplied in the bright armor of youth, among whom old hates and rivalries were unknown. It was an army of peace, all observers agree, in which some boys had displayed as much fervor to reach Arrowe Park as did those youngsters who foreswore their youth and innocence to die in the blood and mud and filth of France and Flanders. Here we have an example of what it means to be a Boy Scout: One, a Hindu, is reported to have trekked 300 miles and climbed 15,000 feet over the Himalayas to ask to be sent to the Jamboree. When he was accepted, he walked 300 miles more for a kit, and, returning, was attacked in the mountains by a leopard, which he fought off with his Scout's staff. So the Jamboree became the talk of the world. Some millions of words have been poured into the molds of the press as editors, correspondents, and special writers took time off from the rivalries of nations to tell us of this friendly gathering of youth, for whom there are no barriers of pride and prejudice, and among whom the only tariff is a handshake or a good deed well done. The Prince of Wales was there, and "B. P.," and so were Ambassador Dawes and others whose time is supposed to be taken up in composing international difficulties. At Arrowe Park they did not arise. "Old Man Mars, sunning himself on his front porch," observes the Seattle *Times*, "may well look upon this Jamboree with high disfavor. It will go far to accomplish what a thousand years of pacifistic preaching and militaristic maundering would fail to attain—the establishment of a true international good-will." But let an eye-witness of the gay scene tell us of the review by the Duke of Connaught, uncle of the King, and of the impressions made on him by this modern order of chivalry. In the London *Daily Express*, Sir Philip Gibbs, famous war correspondent and novelist, writes:

"It was a beautiful and unforgettable sight when this legion of boys swung by under thousands of flags. The grandstand and the whole arena were packed by dense crowds of the public, and the parade-ground was a great lawn with a background of noble trees. Far away on either side stretched the white tents, like the dream picture of a medieval tourney with pavilions of princes and knights under banners with many heraldic devices. But it was not the picture, it was the spirit of the scene that stirred one.

"The hundred pipers of the young Scots played on this procession of boys, and troop after troop of Scouts, endlessly as it seemed, came at quick step past the saluting point in a marvelous pageant of young manhood from all those forty-two nations. They advanced in alphabetical order, with America leading under the Stars and Stripes, followed by Australia with a strong body of lads carrying their own flag and emblems. It was the Youth of the World that passed. They were of many nations, creeds, and colors.

"There were South African negroes in gray shirts, Arabs from Palestine, Morocco, and Algeria in white robes, Indians in green turbans, black boys from the Gold Coast and Nigeria, natives of Jamaica, Kenya, Barbados, Ceylon, and other far countries of the British Empire. Latin America was there, with splendid contingents from Brazil and Chile. The old countries of Europe—Spain, France, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Germany—had sent their young manhoods, and new nations like Czechoslovakia, Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania were strongly represented.

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"Something happened in the minds of the crowd when the German boys marched by. A storm of cheers followed them round the arena. Women waved their handkerchiefs. There was a noise of clapping like machine-gun fire. By this welcome old hatred died and the comradeship of youth crossed the frontiers of a buried past. It was the salute of youth to a new world.

"The Danish Sea Rovers came like our own Naval boys. The Brazilians were all in blue, except for white caps. The Irish Free State advanced under the green flag and the harp. The sons of former enemies—Bulgarians, Hungarians, Belgians, Austrians, Greeks, Finns, Swedes, Turks, Japanese—and then the seven young Russians took their place without national prejudice in this great company of comrades.

"A strange, significant scene in a quiet old English park, above which airplanes were flying low. Surely it has a message to the whole world. It seemed to me, as I stood there watching, that here was the beginning of a new chapter in history. We older men who remember the past had no place here. It was youth's rendezvous, with new hopes, a new vision of life, a great promise ahead. It is they and the boys of the world who will take up the leadership, and by this brotherhood of the Boy Scout movement, which has grown and traveled across the world because of its appeal to instinctive ideals, they have been trained in that code of chivalry to which every Scout is dedicated in his heart, that sense of service, that love of beasts and birds, that healthiness of mind and body which makes the spirit clean.

"I saw the glory and the splendor of the world's boyhood in that English park—all the world in miniature—and tried to peer into the unknown future toward which they go, so keen, so gay, so gallant, so humorous, without fear.

"A gray, lean old man, with a tanned, leathery face and twinkling eyes under his Scout's hat, watched this living pageant of an idea that had come into his head. The world is moved by ideas, and this one of Baden-Powell's has in it the eternal spirit of boyhood and some touch of magic which is helping to exorcise old ghosts and demons and to draw the human family closer together in comradeship and service.

"As I write, I still hear the storms of cheers which are rising up to the Chief Scout as the homage of the young knights of all nations to the veteran who knew their secret, their passwords, and the game of life. To-night, round the camp-fires, they will sing their national songs and dance their old folk dances. It is a fairy-tale come true."

And such a tale as is told and retold with editorial enthusiasm in the press of every land. To many observers the movement is the sunrise of a happier era. Its spirit, writes Alec Waugh in *The Sunday Times* (London), is the antithesis of militarism; it is one of fellowship. "The Scout is the friend of all other Scouts. Scouts are drawn not only from all classes, but all countries. The Scout is brought up to think of foreigners not as enemies, but as friends. The movement is a League of Nations." Consider, for example, the thanksgiving service in which German Boy Scouts participated with boys from nations that were arrayed against Germany in the World War, says the South Bend *Tribune*, which tells us that—

"About 30,000 Scouts heard Cardinal Bourne and the Archbishop of Canterbury comment on the significance of this service, which was held on the anniversary of the World War outbreak. Only fifteen years had elapsed since the Scouts' fathers and brothers were called upon to fight each other and the last battle of the Great War was less than eleven years away. Now, in 1929, the younger generations upon whom fall the responsibility for maintenance of peace were gathered under the banner of friendship, good fellowship, and service.

"This was a striking exemplification of the value of the Boy Scout movement. It was but one of many significant episodes in the Jamboree. The contribution by American Scouts of $50,000 to the treasury of English scoutdom was another evidence of international comradeship. At home in twenty-one nations were about 2,000,000 Boy Scouts who, like their comrades assembled in Birkenhead, typify a dream come true. Fortunately, the dreamer, Baron Robert Baden-Powell, was alive and present at the Jamboree. And it is easy to agree with him that 'the sight of boys of forty-two different nationalities, differing from each other in color, creed, and language, but wearing the same kit and obeying the same Scout law, surely opens up a great vision for the future."

Keystone photograph

NO RACIAL BARRIERS HERE

Brothers under the skin, these Singhalese and French Boy Scouts at the world Jamboree in England find another common tie in hunger. They are peeling potatoes for dinner.

The spectacle, says the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, "meant more to the human race than its potential value as an assemblage of hopeful youth." For—

"In such a gathering it is not difficult to perceive the nucleus of a mighty influence in sustenance of the Kellogg treaty. Reconciliation after war's ravages thus becomes complete in a new generation that had no share in the bitter controversies that ensnared the world in an orgy of carnage and destruction. The triumphs of peace are the true objectives of the young generation, and the Boy Scouts and their coevals hold the keys of the future."

"In the intermingling and fraternizing of boys of so many nationalities, drilled in the ideals of human conduct," comments the Charleston *Mail*, "is to be seen fertile ground for the growth of a universal brotherhood that well may lift the world to a higher plane. These youths are free of prejudices and racial antagonisms that mark the thinking of their elders. Their vision is not yet clouded, and the underlying principles of their training have been similar and founded largely on the Golden Rule." The movement, echoes the Toronto *Globe*, is an agency of peace and good-will. "By its emphasis on honor and service to mankind it is helping to break down barriers between races, and cementing the bonds of fraternity in a closer relationship throughout the earth. If it is nothing else, the Jamboree is a splendid gesture of international amity and good-will." So the press generally on two continents, which sees in this revised Babel of fifty tongues more hope for the future than is put on paper in all the archives of the world, and unanimously bestows on the founder a generous tribute for the ideal he has sculptured in the heart of youth.

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WHY ONE MAN OUT OF NINE GOES TO CHURCH

MEN DO GO TO CHURCH—one out of every nine, it seems; and it may interest the other eight to know that the one who does go to church gets something out of the formal act of worship, even if it is only the avoidance of a family fight. The figures may not hold generally; they were obtained only on a small scale by the Rev. Charles Stafford Brown, a Congregational minister at Longmont, Colorado. Research is usually occupied with discovering reasons why people don't go to church, but Mr. Brown tackled the problem from a new angle. Enlisting the help of half a dozen ministerial friends in other towns and as many of his ministerial friends in his own town as he could get to help him, he sent out blanks suggesting various groups of reasons for attending church, and leaving space for the men to write in other reasons not suggested. There was also space in which the men were asked to state which of the reasons was most important, and why. Mr. Brown received 320 replies, and he informs us in *The Christian Century* (Undenominational) that the first group of suggested reasons had to do with one's family, thus:

"Most of the men said that one big reason why they go to church is that they want their children to go, and it is easier to take them than to send them. A smaller number stated that they and their families have always gone to church, and they have simply kept up the habit, evidently a matter of family tradition and family pride. A still smaller number stated baldly that they go to church because their wives desire it; two went to the trouble of amplifying their declaration by adding that they go to church to avoid a weekly fight. Nearly a third of them added other reasons of their own, generally of little significance. One man goes because there isn't any other member of the family who can drive the car. Another goes because he promised his dying mother he would do so. These and other replies were not especially significant. When I asked these men to indicate which of the 'family' reasons seemed to them to be most compelling and important, more than two-thirds of them (247) indicated that they considered it a vital matter to set a good example to their children by going with them to church."

Here, observes Mr. Brown, is first-hand evidence on the matter of "the crumbling American home, not to imply anything as to the crumbling of the American Church," and he wonders if a careful survey of their families by the eight men who do not go to church "would not reveal the fact that they have less family solidarity, less respect for parental authority and example, than the families of the men who attend church and take their families with them. I am beginning to suspect," he says, "that the Church has a right to appeal to the eight on the ground that churchgoing is a positive force making for family unity and family loyalty and parental authority of the highest order."

Many of those who replied think that it is good business to attend church; nearly a third (106) feel that the Church is trying to establish a set of standards considerably higher than those now in vogue. Mr. Brown wonders if the eight men who do not go to church do not want the Kingdom of God in their business, or if the Church has failed to help them. "I am beginning to think," he says, "that the more I and my church clarify our opinions on matters of business and politics and social organization generally, the more we will attract and hold the great body of men who are at present outside the Church." Mr. Brown feels also that "if we muzzle the courageous voices which are raised against social and economic and political wrongs, and confine ourselves to preaching that which its advocates label the 'simple gospel,' we may gain the influence and support of a few very powerful men with a stake in the existing order of injustice, but we shall lose a growing group of business men whose hands are reaching out after something better than dividends."

The one outstanding reason why they attend church, given by 317 out of the 320 men, was that they get a sense of the presence of God. "It is what we call worship," comments Mr. Brown. "They get it in the music and the prayers and the hymns; they even get it in the sermon, sometimes. It takes the form of a sense of release from worry and bewilderment; it comes as an atmosphere of beauty and dignity; it even appears as a sense of the forgiveness of sin. What a thing to admit in this day and age! But they admit it!" So Mr. Brown wonders again about the eight men who do not go to church:

"Does not the sense of the presence of God attract them? Or do they not find that sense? Is there, perhaps, something in their character or habits or general make-up which prevents them from recognizing the presence of God as these other men do? I am beginning to think that I have a right to say to the men outside the Church that the evidence is against them, after all. They may not have found any reward in church; but men do, continually, find spiritual reality there, and carry it away with them. What they find they use daily. They come back again and again, successfully, to have their experience replenished. One man finds spiritual reality in church; eight men do not. But that one man proves the point: spiritual reality can be found in church. Maybe the eight do not want it."

THE DREAM AND THE DREAMER

By Arthur Wallace Peach

THE dream outlasts the dreamer? Nay,
Dreams are the dawns of man's brief day
That ends in sunset and the thrushes' song
Trembling a dark wood's verge along.

The dream may brighten ways grown dim
Or be to grief a victor's hymn,
Or open eyes grown blind until they see
Far vistas of the years to be;

But all dreams end in dusk, a song
A dark wood's evening verge along:
The dream shall pass but not the dreaming soul
That is of God both part and whole!

—*The Churchman, New York.*

PLANTING THE SEED OF TOLERANCE—A gift of $60,000 by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to finance the administration of the University of Iowa School of Religion for three years is characterized by *The American Hebrew* (New York) as one that "possesses the seed that may flower beautifully for better understanding between Christians and Jews in America." The gift contains the proviso that the Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews provide the salaries of the three professors, each representing one of the faiths, who constitute the faculty. This school of religion, says *The American Hebrew*, is an experiment which should be followed with interest, and it informs us:

"A Professor of Protestantism, a Professor of Catholicism, and a Professor of Judaism, each selected and approved by his denomination, each paid not out of University or State funds but by the groups directly interested, teach the history and tenets of their faiths to all who may come and learn. Their courses are given academic standing and credit. The arrangement solves many perplexing problems and raises religious instruction in a university out of the realm of controversy and propaganda. Mr. Rockefeller was wise in limiting his support to the administrative expenses. In the Iowa experiment he is backing no particular creed, but is advancing religious instruction, free and untrammeled, for the whole student body. Christians may learn what Judaism is, and Jews may acquaint themselves with Christianity, all from approved experts in their field. The students of Iowa who will take advantage of the opportunity offered will constitute a vanguard of leaders in better understanding between the religious groups in America. We trust that the School of Religion in this State University will prove its worth during the experimental period, and that its plan will be adopted by other State and privately endowed schools of higher education."

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CURRENT · POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned

MAYBE *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin) is a bit hard on the Prentice Magicians, for some of them will yet send Cinderella to the ball.

CINDERELLA

By M. O'B.

In the Poets' Corner
The Prentice Magicians
Practise incantations.

They have seen Cinderella
Sitting in the ashes,
And the Fairy Godmother
Appearing with her wand.

The Fairy Godmother
Sends Cinderella
To the garden for a pumpkin
(The finest she can gather);
To the traps for a rat
And six little grey mice.
From behind the watering-pot
She bids her bring
Six bright-eyed lizards.

Then the Fairy Godmother
Waves her hand, and behold!—
The pumpkin turns into a coach,
And the rat into a fat coachman;
The six mice become dapple-grey horses,
And the lizards six footmen.
And Cinderella is dressed like a princess,
With the loveliest glass slippers in the world.

So, the Prentice Magicians
Fetch a pumpkin from the garden,
And a rat from the rat-trap,
And six mice from the mouse-trap,
And from behind the watering-pot
Six bright-eyed lizards,
And they waved their wands.

But the pumpkin remains a pumpkin,
And the rat stolidly a rat,
And the mice are nothing but mice,
And the lizards only lizards.

And Cinderella
Still sits in the ashes,
A little drudge,
Rather down at heel—
In spite of the incantations
Of the Prentice Magicians
In the Poet's Corner.

A LITTLE comprest drama in *The Nation and Athenæum* (London):

TELLING THE TALE

By Wilfrid Gibson

"So that is all there is to it." He ended
His story: tapped his briar on the hob
To clear it; filled it once again with shag;
And then sat smoking contemplatively.
And though I knew that he had not intended
To hold back aught essential, or to rob
His hearers of the clue, I watched the hag
Who'd sat with eyes fixed on his face, while he
Had told the tale; and, as he stopped, she drew
Again into her corner with a leer
Of satisfaction. Then I surely knew,
Although his lips had moved, and his slow tongue
The solemn words had uttered, it was she
Who'd told the tale that she would have us hear:
That, while she lived, no one would ever learn
Aught but his mother's version of how his young
And newly wedded wife had come to die:
That he was but a puppet to twist and turn
With life-like motions and talk mechanically
Under the evil spell of her one eye.

THE poet lives a life unsuspected by the common herd. *Westward* (San Francisco) proves it:

POET

By William Allen Ward

Ol' Buck and me
Used to ride the range together;
We slept on saddle blankets
Out there on the bald prairie
And listened to the coyotes . . .
Sometimes we would talk . . .
Ol' Buck always wuz a nutty
Sort uv a chap . . .
Sleepin' out there on the prairie
We would look at the stars
And the moon . . .
I'd see the moon jes' as it wuz,
But ol' Buck, bein' sort o' nutty,
Jes' looked up there
And saw all sorts uv things—
Said the moon wuz a pirate ship
Sailin' west in search of gold—
Can you beat that? . . . pore nut . . .
He saw a lot uv other things, too . . .
Onct we wuz snoozin' and he woke up
And started talkin' sorter nutty to me;
Said the ol' cactus, that stood near our camp
Wuz an ol' sage, whatever that is . . .
A sage wearing a shadow fer a robe!
Then he talked 'bout the stars laughin' at him
And he said the big thundercloud in the west
Wuz a frigate uv old leading a fleet . . .
Jes' talked plumb nutty . . . plumb nutty!

One day ol' Buck jes' rode away . . .
Must have gone plumb crazy!
Ain't seen Buck in a long time . . .
Hear he's writin pieces fer the papers . . .
And them city fellers call him a poet!
Somebody even said he wrote some sort
Uv a book that's full of pieces of poetry
And a lot uv other stuff . . .
Pore Buck, he's a good sort uv a feller . . .
'Cept he always wuz sorter nutty!

HERE outdone is *Hamlet* when he retorted on *Polonius*, yet words are what distinguish us from the speechless creation. "The Conning Tower" of the New York *World* prints this:

"WORDS"

By Stella Kobrin

Go cry your sorrows in the market place,
You posturing poet! Strike into your brain
Your eager quill and with its fine point trace
Small crimson lines. Bare with infinite pain
Your love, your shame, your anguish; of your rage
Make silly marks to feed a hungry page.
Take dreams, take sight, take chattering of birds,
Reduce all loveliness to empty words;
Then wear a wreath of laurel on your head,
Quickened and green with secrets of your dead
and strut!

I tell you never could the heart
That knows the stab of beauty and the bliss
Weave loveliness to phantom words like this.
I tell you that the hot and rebel brain,
Staggering and sick beneath the weight of pain,
Never could turn from suffering to please
Fools with such pallid insincerities!

How do I know? Have I not felt the breath
Of suffering sear my throat? Has not my brain,
Tortured and terrified, begged truce of Death
Who only drew His fingers back again?
I can recall that when my now-calm breast
Was quick with passion, and a wild unrest
Tore at my throat and shrieked into my brain
And sent my sick dreams rushing down a lane
Of hot surmises, how by night and day
Silent I sat—and had no word to say.
And did I in that bitter hour borrow
Words from my woe and rhythm from my sorrow
And strip my grief—and wear upon my head
A wreath wrought of the secrets of my dead?
Ah, no—for inarticulate and dumb,
With stony heart I sat upon a stone.

Words—what are words? I, who have drunk my fill
Of sudden joy, of love, of youth, of spring,
I, who have stood like God upon a hill
And thrilled to see a whole sky blossoming,
Never have found one word with half the ache
And wistful wonder of a moon-swept lake,
Nor any loveliness of phrase to show
The delicate drifting miracle of snow!
Words are the fragile ghosts of things that die
In being named. I tell you that the sight
And sting of beauty are enough delight
To close the lips with wonder, and to start
A wild and wordless singing in the heart!

He squanders joy who draws back from the brink
Of beauty for some silly song. *I think*
God never made a single flowering tree
For poet's babblings—but for ecstasy!

A LITTLE reading of Burns makes this in the London *Spectator* easy enough, and we fancy Burns would enjoy the gardener's discomfiture:

TO A BLACKBIRD CAUGHT IN A NET

By J. M. Smith

Ye're done for noo, in a herrin' net ye're nickit,
The fear o' death's i' yer e'e, and yer heart's i' yer moo;
Ye canna stamach the rasps ye fain would hae pickit,
And ye'll never find the holie ye sneakit through.

Puir beast! Ye've fluttered and daudit i' dumb distraction,
But yer rievin' neb is a' that the gar'ner sees.
He'll thraw yer neck wi' a grumly satisfaction,
And care nae a preen for yer whistle amang the trees.

Ye've had yer fling, and yer full o' the fruits forbidden;
Ye turned up yer neb at the fare o' the country-side;
Ye made for the mansion, and noo ye maun lie on the midden—
A peetifu' end to yer pipin' and a' yer pride.

But bide ye still! There's nane o's to mend anither.
When rasps are ripe and occasion's quite joco,
We naither tak tent o' nets nor tak time to swither.
If we jeuk the Gar'ner we're lucky. Away ye go!

WHO does not love a lane? But rarely would we think of one with the novel comparison made in the London *Spectator:*

LANES

By Camilla Doyle

The lanes I love are winding lanes
Threading the countryside like veins
Whose dancing youthful sap can run
Down quickening hedges in the sun,
Or like the whorls within a shell,
Or pleasures unforgettable
When music threads a twisting lane
To the core of joy and back again;

They seem Earth's brain which convolutes
In windings where we sense her thoughts,
The songs of Pan, the songs that most
Elude us—nearly caught, then lost;
Such songs as now I chase and miss
In such a fresh green lane as this.

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A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

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PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

BERGER, A SOCIALIST WHO FASCINATED AMERICANS

TWENTY YEARS IN PRISON for saying and writing what he believed to be true faced the heavy, round-faced man whose bright eyes sparkled behind his spectacles. And he found the consolations of philosophy insufficiently consoling. His friends clustered about him, trying to cheer him.

"Think of all the other great men who have been hated and who have suffered for their beliefs," said one.

"There was Galileo," another suggested.

"Or John Brown."

Some one else mentioned the political prisoners in the Bastile of prerevolutionary France. Another brought forward the trials of Martin Luther, and still another Lovejoy and other American Abolitionists of the nineteenth century.

The man who faced twenty years in prison probably should have been flattered at being included in such distinguished company, but he was not.

"That's all very fine," he said, "but I don't want to go to jail!"

In his lack of willingness to be a martyr, perhaps, lay the secret of the power of the late Victor Berger of Milwaukee, Socialist leader, editor, and former Congressman, to fascinate Americans, in the opinion of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, which recalls Mr. Berger's famous saying. And it will be remembered, he did not go to jail. His conviction under the espionage act, for opposing America's entry into the World War, was later reversed, altho he was barred from Congress, to which he had been elected. Mr. Berger was a Socialist, an idealist, a gallant fighter for an unpopular cause. But, *The Evening Sun* continues:

P. & A. photograph

"I DON'T WANT TO GO TO JAIL"

And that sentiment, which seemed quite reasonable to many Americans, increased Victor Berger's audience many fold.

He was no would-be martyr. He felt no urge whatever to die fighting for righteousness. He wanted to win. Did the masses condemn him for this? Not a bit of it. The masses said: "Here, at last, is a Socialist with some sense; let us hear what he has to say." And they heard him so attentively that he won election after election. He established the Socialist party as a force to be reckoned with in Milwaukee. He was by long odds the most successful Socialist leader this country has as yet produced.

The fact is, the art of publicity has been raised to so high a level in the United States that martyrdom is losing its effectiveness. People are never sure whether the willing martyr is dying for his cause, or dying merely to secure a free advertisement for himself. No such question arose in connection with Berger. Without doubt, he would have gone to jail rather than recant, but he had no notion of going there merely to secure publicity.

Mr. Berger, one of Socialism's greatest leaders, would undoubtedly have been that party's candidate for President many times but for the fact that he was born in Austria, which disqualified him. But he was a close friend of the late Eugene V. Debs, who so often sought that office; and the same covering of red silk, we read, was placed on the coffin of each. It was Mr. Berger, we read, who converted Mr. Debs from Populism to Socialism. Closely connected by friendship and politics as these two men were, their natures contrasted strongly, a circumstance which is outlined thus by the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

Berger broke into public life as a successful candidate for Alderman-at-Large when the Socialists carried Milwaukee in 1910. He was a publicist, an editor, with a pen often dipt in gall, and a command of logic that conservatives had to recognize. Elected and reelected to Congress from a Milwaukee district, he was twice excluded from the House because of the war-law prosecution. Then he went back and took his seat.

The contrast between Eugene V. Debs and Berger forces itself on one's attention. Debs was a sentimentalist, all heart, all feeling, touched by the woes of the world more than by any academic arguments. Berger played politics, American politics, coldly, shrewdly, and all the year round. Debs got not quite a million votes while he was in an Atlanta cell, for the Presidency of the United States. Berger simply held his Congressional district, but he held it with a hand of steel.

Thinking minorities, no matter how small, are of vast value to our republican form of government. As for the Socialists, they are impotent in America, unless or until the economic condition of wage-earners becomes much worse than it is. Individualism is as fully and freely accepted by unionized labor as by American capitalism.

Mr. Debs's conversion to Socialism by Mr. Berger took place while the former was in jail, we are told by the Milwaukee *Journal*, in Mr. Berger's home city. It was during the famous Pullman strike in 1894, and *The Journal* explains the circumstances thus:

Debs—worn out by his dynamic leadership of the American Railway Union's futile struggle to unite all the employees of the railroads under one union's banner, during what was known as the Pullman strike, when President Cleveland sent Federal troops into Chicago to protect life and property over the vibrant protests of Governor Altgeld—Debs was in jail at Woodstock, serving a sentence for contempt of court, when he had a caller.

The visitor was a tall, well-built Milwaukeean with black hair, the rolling gait of a sailor, a ruddy complexion, brown eyes illumined with twinkles, a mouth that repeatedly brought forth a smile and an accent that was as Teutonic as Von Hindenburg's. Under his arm he carried a book destined to provoke unrest in every part of the world—"Capital," by Karl Marx.

The powerful exhortation of the Milwaukeean—Berger—together with the reading of the ponderous volume, converted the former railway fireman of Terre Haute from Populism to Socialism. Thus began a deep friendship and a close association in which each took an outstanding part and led to the formation, at Chicago, in 1897, of the Social Democracy, which reached its greatest strength in 1912, when Debs polled a total of 923,086 votes for President, 33,481 being cast in Wisconsin.

With characteristic enthusiasm, Mr. Berger pitched into the work of building up the Socialist party in Milwaukee. Its growth astonished the managers of the Republican and Democratic parties. In 1898, when David S. Rose, Democrat, was first elected Mayor, with the aid of many Republicans, the new party polled but 2,400 votes.

In 1902 these had grown to 8,400; in 1906 to 16,800. In 1910 the Socialists cast more votes than either the Democrats or Republicans—27,622—and elected Mr. Berger a member of the

(*Continued on page 33*)

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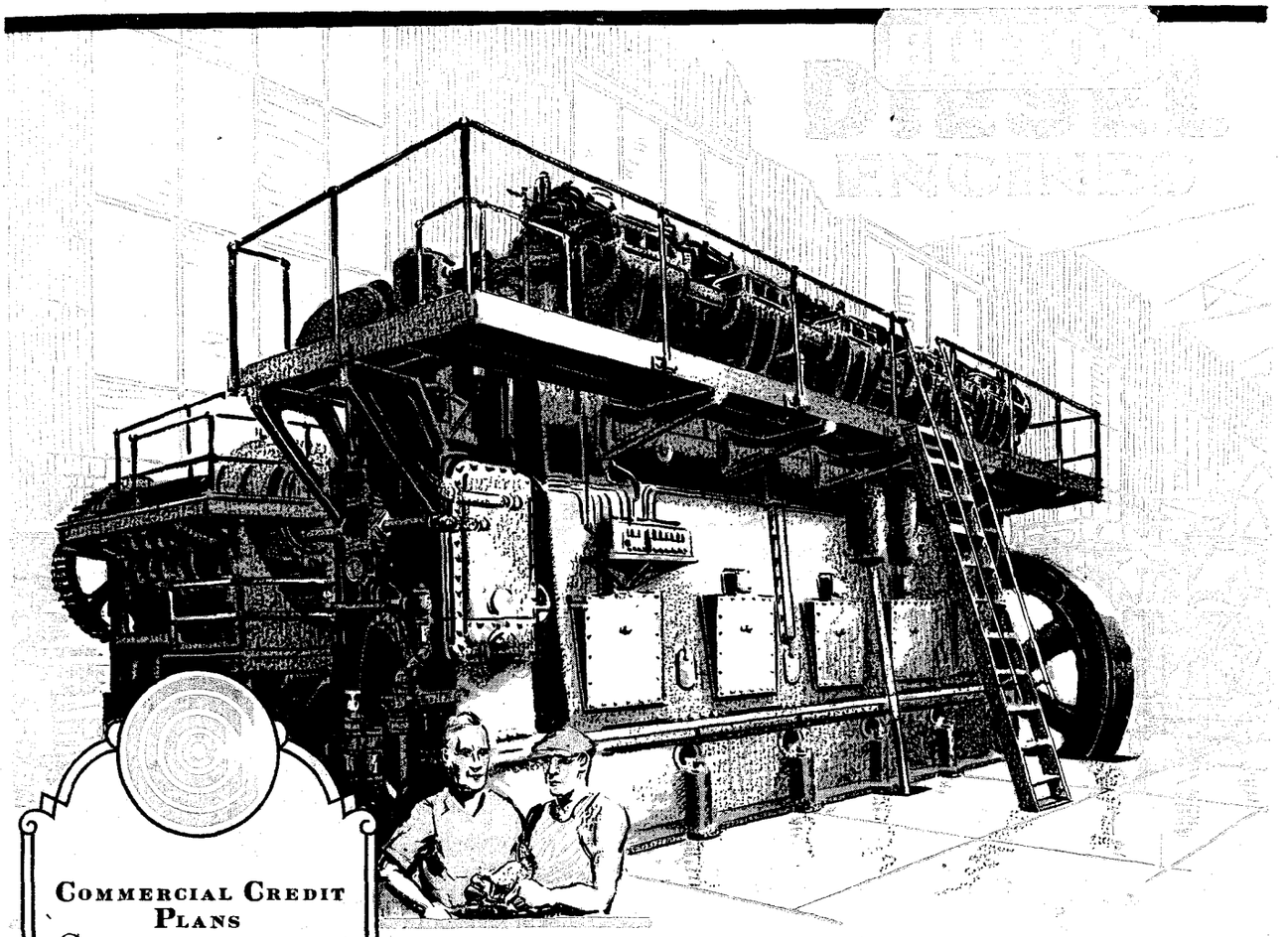

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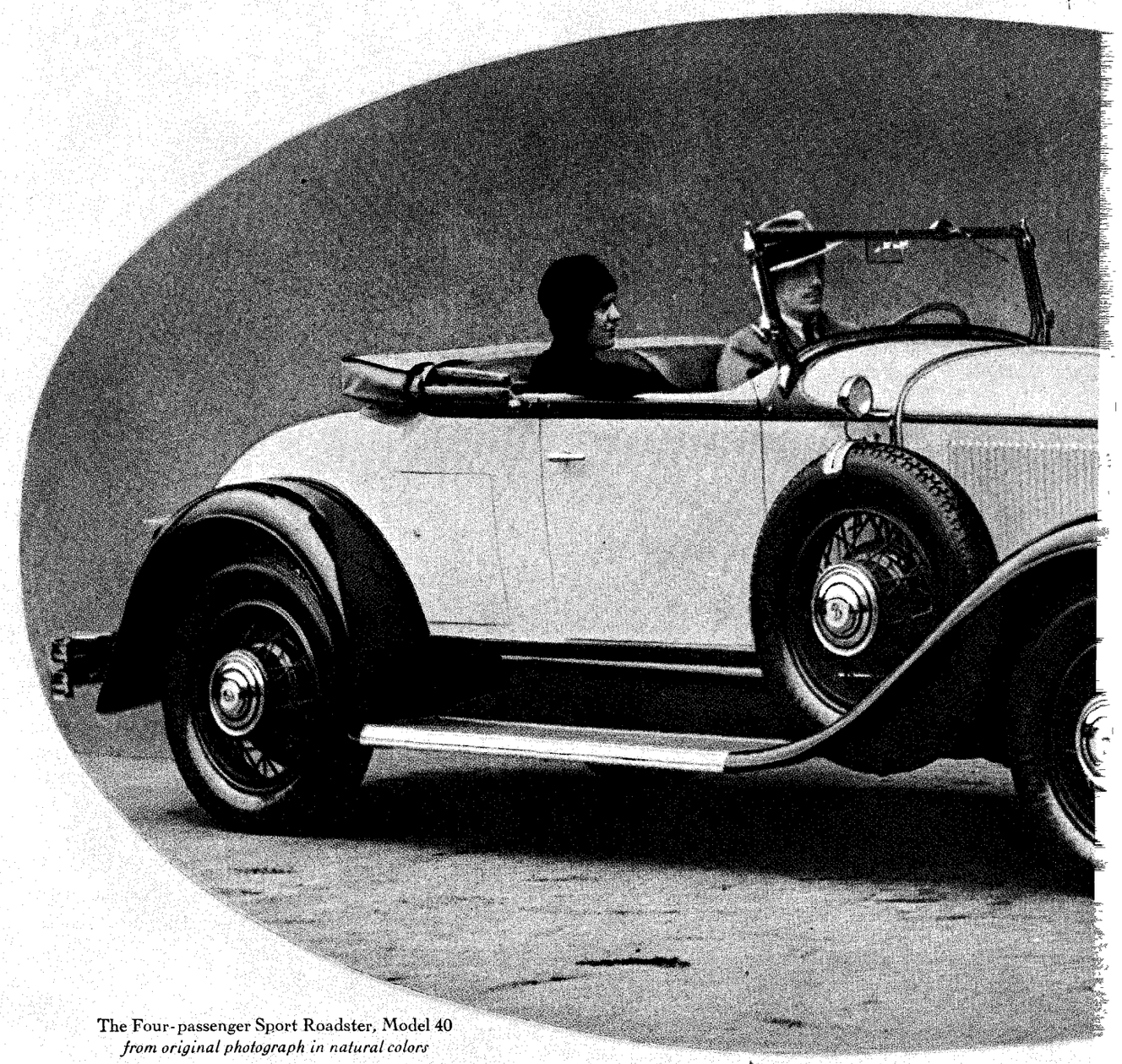

The Four-passenger Sport Roadster, Model 40
from original photograph in natural colors

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only one standard of qu

Manufactured in three new series . . . with three new wheelbases . . . in three new price ranges . . . the new Buick with Body by Fisher brings an entirely new order of fine, luxurious motoring within the reach of a greatly increased number of motor car buyers. ¶ Tens of thousands who have long desired Buicks—as well as tens of thousands who regularly renew their Buick ownership—are recognizing in this car advantages which make it the supreme value and almost inevitable choice among quality cars. NEW FISHER STYLING—NEW BUICK PERFORMANCE ABILITIES . . . Beauty and performance *both* attain their climax in this new Buick. ¶ Not only the new Bodies by Fisher longer, lower, more luxurious . . not only do they reveal grace and artistry seldom found any automobile regardless of price . . . but they also introd a host of new features including the new Fisher Non-Gl Windshield for safer night driving; new weatherproof holstery; and new fittings and appointments of princ luxury. ¶ Moreover, the new Buick reveals this same mark supremacy in fleet, spirited behavior on the road. Its n and bigger Valve-in-Head engine—developing approximat

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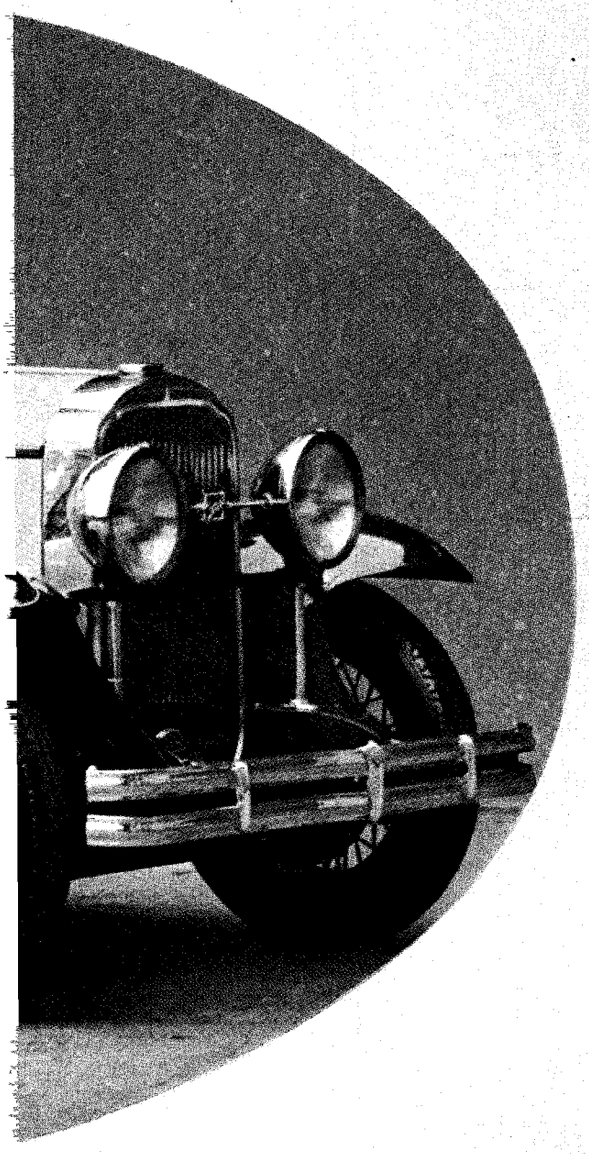

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Bear in mind, this new Buick with its many advance-ments is offered at new low prices, in three new series and three new wheelbases, with only one standard of quality throughout—the finest in its field. ¶ Visit your Buick Dealer. See the new Buicks and arrange to drive one. Among the 14 attractive body types is exactly the Buick for you.

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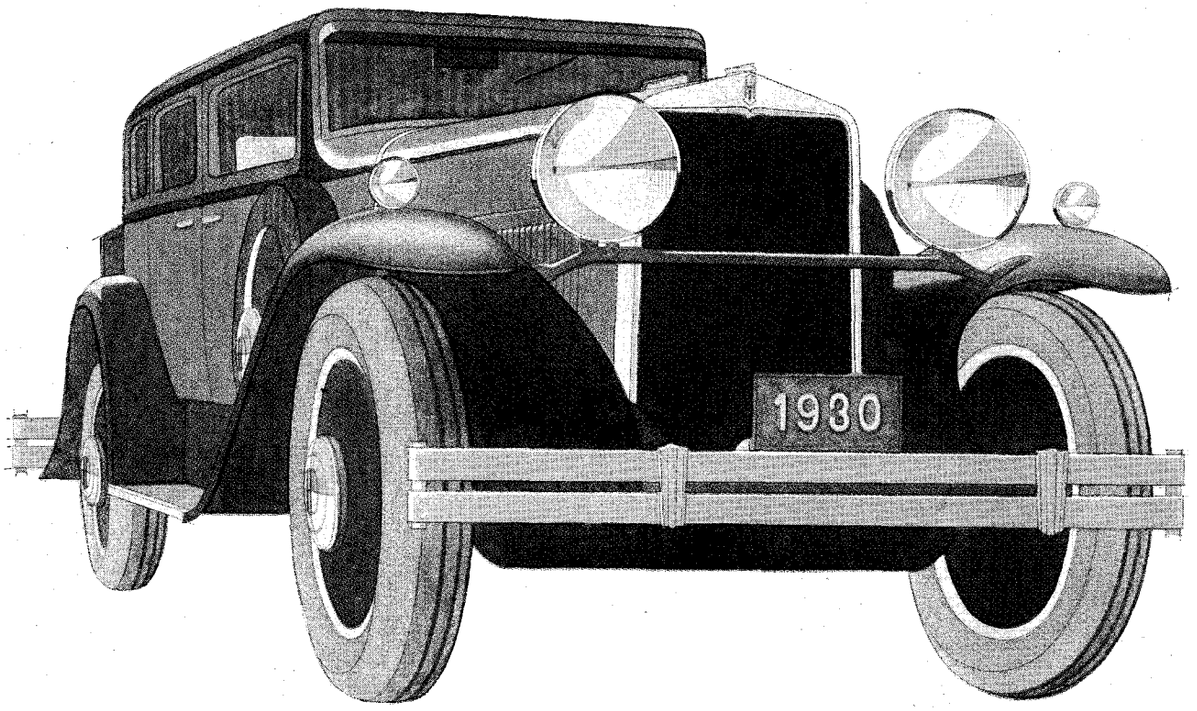
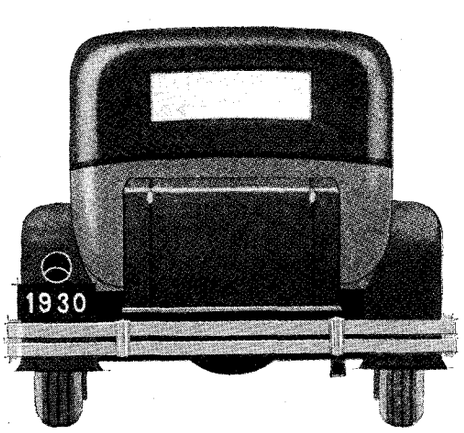
"THE GOAL OF YEARS HAS BEEN ATTAINED"



THE·1930·HUPMOBILE·SIX

PRICED WITHIN THE THOUSAND DOLLAR FIELD

It has long been the ambition of Hupp engineers to build a Hupmobile at a price within the thousand dollar class . . . But each year they have said: "Let's wait a while. Let's wait until we can build, not just another automobile, but a greater Hupmobile. A car that will add new lustre to Hupmobile's 21-year prestige" . . . Today, this goal of years has been attained—in the new 1930 Hupmobile Six . . . It is a car which Hupp is proud to call a Hupmobile because it is a Hupmobile in every detail of its design and construction . . . It is powered by the selfsame Hupmobile motor which made the Hupmobile Century Six the most spectacular success in Hupmobile history . . . *It is* 100% *a Hupmobile*—but a more powerful Hupmobile, with its time-tested Hupmobile engine made still smoother and sweeter running . . . *It is* 100% *a Hupmobile*—a handsomer Hupmobile. Made still smarter by further advances in Hupmobile's innovation of tailored sheet metal and by new, lower-swung and dashing lines . . . *It is* 100% *a Hupmobile*—but a still sweeter riding and driving Hupmobile. Made more comfortable by more seat and leg room and by many engineering refinements, adding to speed, safety, ease of control and restful traveling . . . Hupmobile's long renown as "The Car of the American Family" gains new emphasis—takes on a new significance today.



HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE SIX

70 miles per hour . . . 70 horsepower. Acceleration from 5 to 25 miles per hour in 7 seconds; 5 to 50 m.p.h. in 20 seconds . . . The famous Hupmobile Century Six engine improved with counterweighted crankshaft and rubber-cushioned engine mountings; minimum vibration at any speed . . . Improved 4-wheel Hupmobile Steeldraulic brakes . . . A big car, 50½ inches across rear seat, 49 inches across front seat . . . Unusually generous head room . . . New 6-inch chromium hub caps with concealed hub bolt . . . New front fender parking lights of same design as headlights. Custom equipment—6 wire or disc wheels, two spare side-mounted in fender wells . . . available at slight extra cost.

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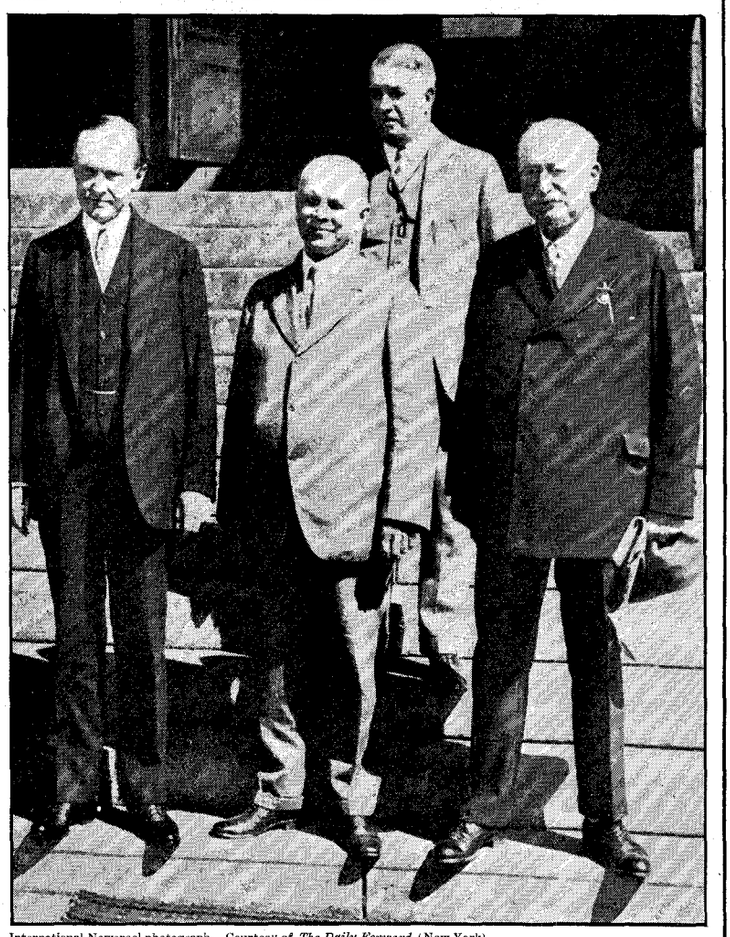
(*Continued from page 28*)

House of Representatives, the first one of his political faith to gain that distinction. That was the year Emil Seidel became Milwaukee's first Socialist Mayor. At that election—held in the spring—Mr. Berger had been chosen an alderman-at-large.

Two years later he was defeated for reelection to Congress by William H. Stafford, the present Representative, who had previously defeated Berger—in 1904. Mr. Berger also made losing fights against Mr. Stafford in 1914 and 1916.

Mr. Berger succeeded in winning back—at the polls—his Congressional seat in 1918. However, his speeches against the entrance of the United States into the World War had caused him to be indicted upon a number of charges brought by the Government, tried, and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, and the House of Representatives refused him admission. His district re-elected him by an increased majority in 1919, but again the House would not let him enter.

In 1921 the court reversed his sentence, and a year later, the Government withdrew all the other cases against him. He was again elected to Congress, narrowly escaped defeat in 1926, and was bowled over by his old opponent, Mr. Stafford, in 1928.



International Newsreel photograph. Courtesy of *The Daily Forward* (New York)

ENEMIES IN THEORY, FRIENDS IN FACT

President Coolidge, the conservative, probably did not sympathize with the views of Congressman Berger, the radical. But the two leaders, shown at opposite ends of this group, are reported to have gotten on together very amiably in Washington.

Altho the "blue pencil" is largely a figure of speech as far as editors' disapproval of an article is concerned, Mr. Berger used a heavy blue pencil in marking news or editorials which did not satisfy him, we learn, reading on:

In the heat of a political campaign, Mr. Berger was a terror to the composing-room. Editorials were frequently slashed to pieces and rewritten, even after they were in type. Sometimes an editorial would be reset two or three times before it was in the style he desired. Altho Mr. Berger's handwriting was easy to read, he made so many changes in phraseology and so many interlineations that printers had to struggle to "follow copy." Sometimes his changes were so numerous that an editorial had to be entirely reset, because a change was made in every line.

Mr. Berger's life was filled with amusing incidents and comments, which *The Journal* passes on to us:

Shortly after his election to Congress as champion of the working class, Mr. Berger, went to Washington, and had his nails manicured while on one of the crack Eastern trains.

An observer asked him if it were not "unproletarian" to follow the practises of the "capitalist" class, but Berger insisted there was nothing amiss. However, the story about the manicuring was widely printed, and caused Mr. Berger much embarrassment when he appeared in Socialist gatherings.

Mr. Berger started another controversy over how to eat pie. While in a dining-car he picked up a piece of pie and ate it from the hand, as many persons did a generation ago. Persons in the car who were eating their pie with a fork were shocked, and an alert newspaper man persuaded Mr. Berger to make a statement that the old-fashioned method of eating pie was better.

Mr. Berger preferred his independence as a writer to wealth. Once a newspaper syndicate offered him a lucrative contract for a daily article, but gave him to understand that it might be necessary occasionally to "tone down" some of his statements. He refused the contract.

Of all the editorials Mr. Berger ever wrote, the one entitled "Ballots or Bullets?" attracted the most attention. It was a plea for settlement of political and economic problems by orderly process at the ballot-box, but it included a statement that if the people were denied their rights, they could not be blamed for resorting to violence. Some of his enemies seized upon this later, and charged him with condoning revolution. Mr. Berger resented the charge hotly, saying that he believed in "evolution, not revolution."

One day, in the midst of a financial crisis on his paper, a personable young reporter on his paper visited his office. Almost in despair over how to meet payments on expensive newspaper machinery and how to meet the payroll, Mr. Berger told the reporter, "You could solve my problem for me in five minutes."

"How?" innocently inquired the reporter.

"Go out and marry a rich widow," he replied.

Never downcast by defeat, altho always deeply chagrined, Mr. Berger once coined a phrase which solaced himself but gave his enemies a good laugh. When he was defeated after his first term in Congress, he told a reporter, "We lose but we win."

As a Socialist propagandist, he went on to explain that principles, not personalities, ruled in politics, and that as he carried the message of Socialism during the campaign, he had not really been defeated. But the words, "We lose but we win," were widely quoted among his opponents.

Oddly enough, this Milwaukee paper continues, Mr. Berger became a Socialist through winning a debate in which he favored Henry George's Single Tax idea. His opponent was a shoemaker. Mr. Berger said "that he felt while he was speaking that he really had lost the argument, and that then and there he determined to study the Marx theory." Reading on:

In 1890 he became the editor of a Socialist daily, the *Volkszeitung*, changing the name to the Wisconsin *Vorwaerts*. Ten years later he began the publication of a weekly, *The Social Democratic Herald*, which eventually became the daily, the Milwaukee *Leader*.

At one time in his early days in Milwaukee, Mr. Berger became a "fresh-air fiend," as they were called in those days, when even doctors talked about "dangerous night air." One of the popular Sunday comics of the time was "Major Ozone," whose antics in search of fresh air amused people who thought the idea of open windows and sunshine silly.

Mr. Berger, then an impecunious youth, lived in the home of a poor German widow, who kept boarders. When he opened his windows in winter, the landlady protested violently that he was wasting the heat she supplied from dearly bought coal. Mr. Berger sought to convert the good old lady to the idea of fresh air, but she refused to entertain the idea, and he had to seek another place to live.

Often he did not have bread to feed his body or fuel to warm it. But he had his books—his Marx, Engels, Darwin—to feed his mind and warm his enthusiastic soul. He lived in a fifty-cents-a-week room.

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TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA TO SIT ON FLAGPOLES

"OH, AIN'T HE GRAND!"

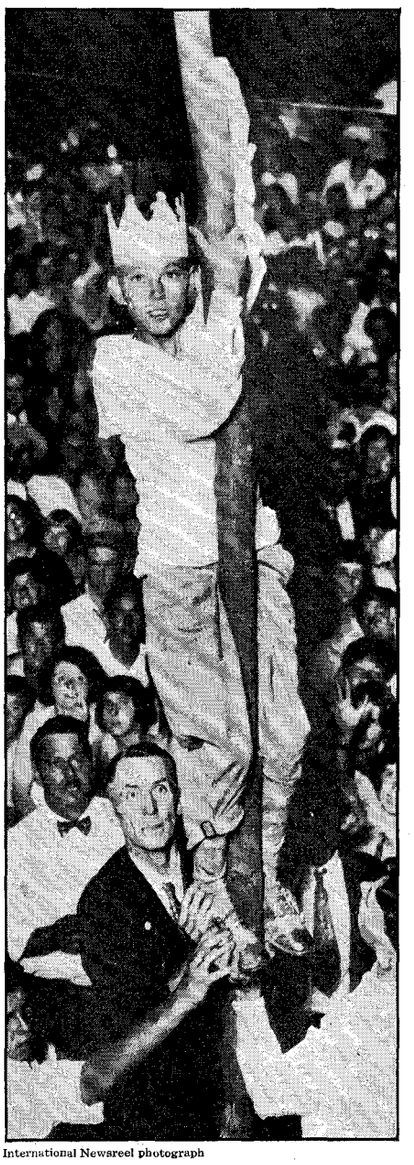
These simple words dimmed the applause of 4,000 watchers as the fifteen-year-old boy slid to the ground. "Oh, ain't he grand!" was the only expression that fourteen-year-old Lena Stamm could find to let the world know what impression the boy friend's achievement had made on her, we read in the Baltimore *Sun*. For Lena, as Avon "Azie" Foreman of Baltimore put it, is his "best girl." She had been on hand every day and the early part of every night during the past ten days while Avon was "busily" engaged in establishing his record. Now, as he triumphantly descended the pole, she was on hand with his family to greet the champion juvenile flagpole-sitter of the world, who had been aloft ten days, ten hours, ten minutes, and ten seconds, resting on an old ironing-board. That Avon knew she was there, continues *The Sun*, and had heard what she had to say above the din of honking automobile horns and cheering crowd, he showed by shouting "Yea, Lena!" as soon as his feet hit the ground.

But the glory of the individual, alas, because it inspires so many emulators, is sometimes short-lived. Suddenly an extremely surprized Baltimore found itself full of young disciples of "Shipwreck" Kelly, or St. Simeon Stylites, who sat for years on top of a pillar, or *Peter Pan*, who, it will be recalled, spent considerable time in the tree tops. Presently Avon was dethroned. The "crown of sitterdom, with its splendor, its claims and prerogatives, its title, its dignity and glitter," passed to the head of a new champion on the night of August 10. Continuing, in *The Sun* of the next morning:

> Sheer endurance, grit, and stamina wrested it from the hands of the once-famed "Azie" Foreman and rested it lightly on the brow of Jimmy Jones, twelve. The tick of the clock which made it 8:10:11 o'clock last night, made Jimmy the juvenile flagpole-sitting champion of the world. At that precise moment he had eclipsed "Azie's" squatting record of 250 hours, 10 minutes and 10 seconds by one tick of the clock.

All that is necessary now to make it official is a visit from Mayor Broening, a gold-seal testimonial, and a speech in his back yard at 405 Edgewood Street.

And if Jimmy doesn't decide to come down to earth for the coronation ceremonies before long, he's going to miss out on a lot of glory—the Mayor's vacation time is rolling around. Jimmy's out to sit fifteen days.



International Newsreel photograph

HAIL TO THE CHIEF!

Here comes Avon, first of the juvenile flagpole-sitting champions, sliding down after his feat, wearing his crown.

After Avon's feat had come the deluge of youngsters eager to seize his crown. All over Baltimore boys and girls took to the tops of trees and poles at such a rate, and contributed such a wealth of amusing incidents and circumstances, that we confess we are perplexed as to just what to pass on to our readers. The new sport spread so rapidly that in one issue the Baltimore *Evening Sun* reported twenty-five boys and girls, ranging in age from ten to fifteen years, in the contest. Mayor Broening made it "official" by congratulating and encouraging the aspirants with references to the "grit and stamina" so essential in "the great struggle of life" and the "old pioneer spirit of early America." The city building inspectors were kept busy testing the safety of poles. The letter columns of the Baltimore papers were full of communications, indignant, laudatory, and satirical. *The Sun*, editorially, was inclined to frown, but *The Evening Sun* put this caption over one letter of protest: "Oh, this is midsummer, when all of us are more or less 'nutty,' and the kids must be doing something for their amusement. They might be doing worse than sitting on a pole. A law? Oh, fudge!" No, the writers of letters to the paper were not idle. Here are some of their expressions in *The Evening Sun:*

> TO THE EDITOR OF *The Evening Sun:*
>
> Sir—What a delight I took in gathering my little brood together the other day to trudge out to Ethelhurst Avenue to see little "Azie" Foreman come down from his long pole-sitting.
>
> It was to me an inspiring sight when little "Azie" slid down the pole. He had shown the indomitable spirit and courage of a real Christian youth, like the Crusaders of old, and I was proud to be there to applaud him. It is from such boys great missionaries are made.
>
> Think of it, here this good little boy had sat way up in the air for over ten days, uncomplaining and alone, and he had the grit to remain up there day and night for ten long days, including Sunday, when he had to miss his Sunday-school.
>
> Such boys are an honor to the city, and I am, oh, so happy that our good Mayor gave him a diploma and made a beautiful speech about the little hero.
>
> Let us rejoice that among the tots of our Baltimore we have grand boys like little "Azie" Foreman.
>
> AN AMERICAN MOTHER.

We suspect that the foregoing is ironical in intent, but we do not know. However, there is no doubt about the following:

> TO THE EDITOR OF *The Evening Sun:*
>
> Sir—I see by the paper that Mayor Broening was present at a celebration given the Foreman flagpole-sitter, and I certainly think the Mayor of our city could find a more beneficial way of spending his time.
>
> Let the neighbors and kids make all the "whoopee" over him they like, but when it comes to city officials wasting time on such nonsense, I think some one should protest.

There are plenty of boys in the city struggling for more than ten days on some problem of merit, whose accomplishments might be given recognition, but one never hears of them. Only ordinary achievements seem to count nowadays.

YOURS FOR HIGHER CULTURE.

This last letter provoked this heated retort:

> TO THE EDITOR OF *The Evening Sun:*
>
> Sir—In reply to the letter of "Yours for Higher Culture," I should like to know if he knows the difference between good sportsmanship and culture. I don't think he's got much of an idea of what a Mayor should be, anyway. He states that the Mayor should find a more beneficial way to spend his time than going to help congratulate the little Foreman boy on his success at flagpole-sitting.
>
> We've got a real Mayor—one who is a good sport and who is not one of those snobbish and overly cultured rulers, and I'm for him!
>
> As for going out to "Azie" Foreman's triumphant down-coming

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The Pierce-Arrow Sort of People

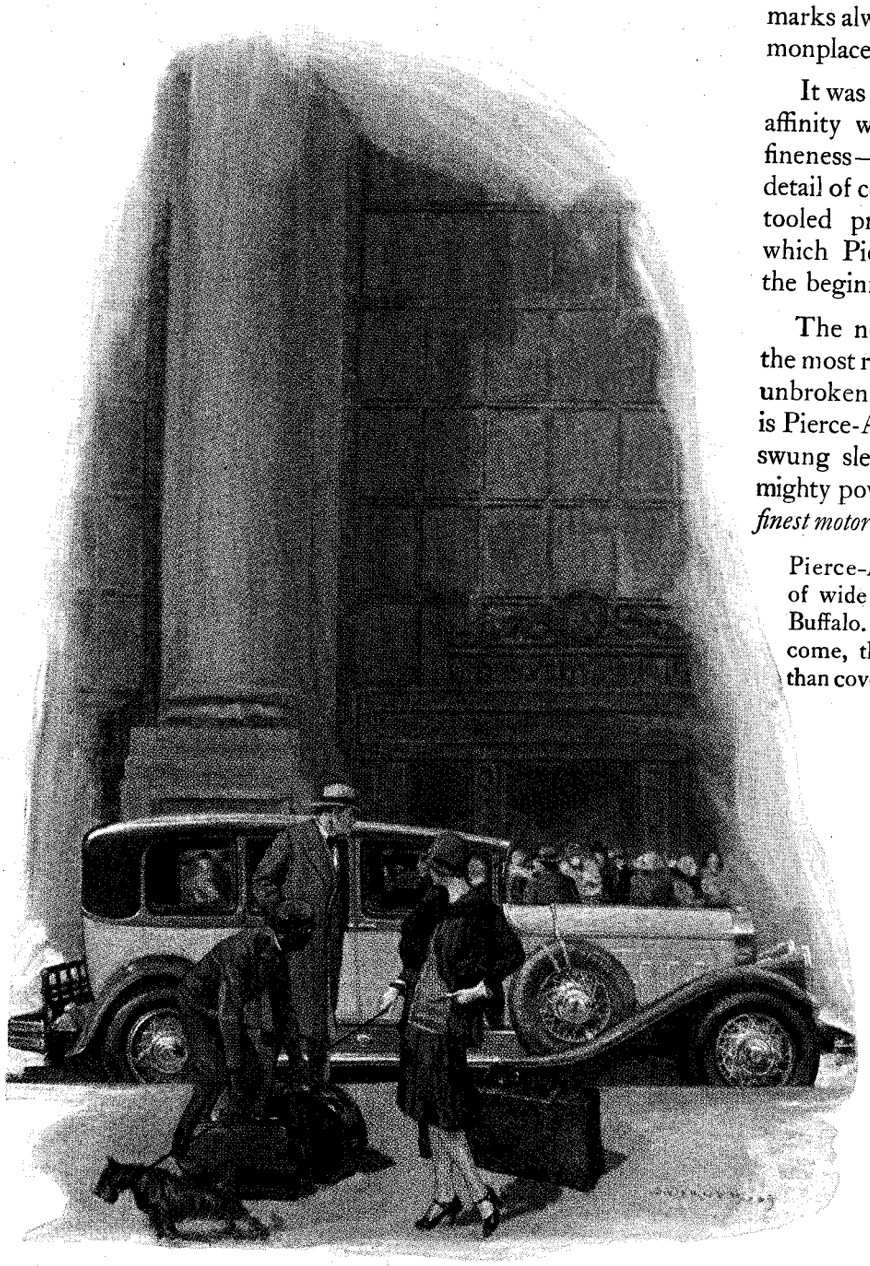
AMONG the very finest things that have been built by Pierce-Arrow is the character of following that so distinguishes this quality motor car.

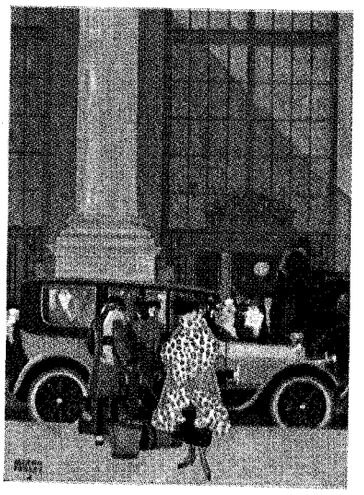
The Pierce-Arrow sort of people are to be recognized by that excellence of taste which marks always the well-bred—never the commonplace.

It was natural that such people should find affinity with those traditions which inspire fineness—with the exquisite hand-wrought detail of coachcraft and the meticulous hand-tooled precisions of engine-building—for which Pierce-Arrow has been famous from the beginning.

The new Pierce-Arrow Straight Eight is the most richly endowed automobile of a great unbroken line. It has a patrician beauty that is Pierce-Arrow at its proudest. Its long, low-swung slenderness envelops great ease and mighty power. It is easily *first among America's finest motor cars.*

Pierce-Arrow prices are appropriate and of wide appeal: From $2775 to $8200, at Buffalo. In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.





A generation has grown up, between the Pierce-Arrow portraits reproduced on this page. One, painted in 1915, shows how smart New York appeared en route in that day. The other is today's version of the same subject—the same scene, the same quality of people, the same make of motor car.

PIERCE-ARROW

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Will tooth paste buy an inner tube? *Why not?*

Intelligent people, delighted with the results of Listerine Tooth Paste and its price of 25¢, use it and accomplish an approximate saving of $3 a year. $3 will buy many things—an inner tube is merely a suggestion.

Clean, white teeth in a few brushings

SURVEYS show that Listerine Tooth Paste is a favorite not only in average American homes, but in those of the wealthy. This is not at all curious.

People are won to this modern dentifrice because it definitely improves the appearance of teeth and betters the health of the entire oral tract. The fact that it retails for 25 cents does not seem to be a factor.

You will be simply delighted to see how swiftly and how gently this tooth paste brightens teeth, —even grayish or yellowish ones. And how thoroughly it erases tiny deposits and discolorations. So little brushing is necessary, too!

Moreover, it gives the mouth a delightful feeling of exhilaration such as you associate with antiseptic Listerine itself.

Listerine Tooth Paste represents our ideal of a tooth paste after a study of oral hygiene covering a period of nearly 40 years. That it is also the public's ideal is reflected in the fact that it now maintains a commanding position in the tooth paste field. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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—that brings out all the more his fineness. "Azie" did deserve a lot of credit, and Mayor Broening was sport enough to see that he got it. U. B. WISE.

Avon's long sit, which resulted, we learn, from an argument with another boy, revealed him as a lyricist of no mean powers, according to this *Sun* article:

Singing is about as satisfactory a means as any of breaking monotony and encouraging oneself in the realization of an ambition, so down from the perch in clear tones floated Avon's latest effusion, a combination of ready-made music and home-spun words, "The Flagpole Melody":

There's only one thing wrong—
I can't play ball;
I can sit and sing,
  Dream most anything,
But I can't come down.

Chorus

When the sun goes down and
    the moon comes up.
I still stay put,
  Till the tenth day round,
Then I'll come down;
  That's the flagpole melody.

When the dawn, it comes,
  And folks gather round,
I can sit and eat
  And shake my feet,
But I won't come down.

All of the "sits," naturally, were not successful. For example, *The Evening Sun* of August 6 tells us:

The "grit and stamina" so essential, according to Mayor Broening, "in the great struggle of life," got on the nerves of Johnny Sudhop's mother.

And another flagpole-sitter bit the dust.

"The old pioneer spirit of early America," with which the Mayor has dignified the pole-sitting profession, also got under the skin of Charles Wilson's mother. And Charles came down to earth, too.

Johnny, eight years old, had been up since August 2 on a pole behind his home at 5 South Hilton Street. Until yesterday Oliver Lewis had been sitting on the same pole with him. But Oliver's mother decided to go to Cambridge yesterday, and she wanted to take Oliver with her. So down he came.

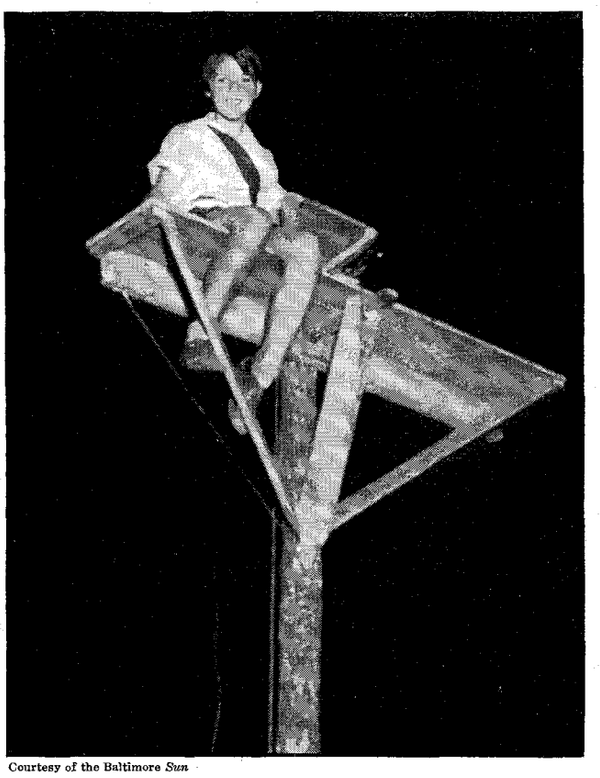
Then to-day Johnny's mother began to worry about him. "He was beginning to get on her nerves up there," it was explained at the Sudhop home. And finally she called him down.

The second sitter to alight to-day was Charles Wilson, fourteen years old, of 1717 West North Avenue. He had gone aloft yesterday afternoon. But the ironing-board on which he had planned to sleep proved to be uncomfortably short. He didn't sleep at all last night, and this morning his mother signaled to him to descend.

Stephen Jarmosh, Ben Hess, John Baumgartner, Jimmy Maloney, Tanky Little, Charles Ruppert and Noots Ruppert to-day wrote from Colgate as follows:

"All us boys just know you can't be knowing that Bill Ruppert, one of your '*Evening Sun* Service Club' sub-carriers is on top of an eighteen-foot 'flagpole,' and has been since Thursday, August 1, 2:30 P. M.! What'll we do about him? He just won't come down to go swimming or nothing! He says he's going to stay up there fifteen days! Just think of it—fifteen days, no swimming and no paper delivering. He's got a sub, but, anyhow, Bill's missing things."

At the moment of writing, with the situation changing daily, even hourly, it is impossible for us to do more, beyond announcing the first two champions, than present a few dramatic moments of this pageant. Feminism asserted itself early, *The Sun* tells us, when Ruth McCruden, ten, mounted the top of a twenty-five-foot pole in her back yard. Reading on:



Courtesy of the Baltimore *Sun*

"EVERYTHING IS PIP!"

So announced ten-year-old Ruth McCruden, the first girl sitter, from the top of her lofty perch.

Every preparation was made for her to do her sitting in the approved fashion. A tent, to house her boy friends during the nights, was erected at the foot of the pole. The skyward end of her perch had every modern appliance, perfected since the ten-day sit of the recently crowned champion. There were a reclining board and an electric light.

Ruth began her record-breaking attempt by dining frequently on ice-cream and combing her hair in spare moments. The only thing she dreaded was thunder-storms, but if any should come—well, they wouldn't stop her, she said. She'd show the world and a few of her uppish boy friends what a girl can do, she declared.

But presently Ruth had a rival of her own sex, Dorothy Staylor, thirteen. Says *The Sun* further:

Dorothy climbed a seventeen-foot pole for a seventeen-day stay. She took the following articles aloft:

Two pillows and a blanket, a tent and an electric light, so rigged that she could have it inside or outside the tent; a sweater, cap, silk scarf, raincoat, umbrella, a belt to keep her from falling, a copy of a magazine, "Robbin Hollow," and "Judy's Perfect Day" from the Pratt Library, and a bucket to pull up things.

Dorothy said she would have a radio on the pole with her.

If Dorothy stays aloft for fifteen days, "Mom" says she will have a band for her. Boy friends have sent up chewing-gum, candy, and pennies.

But presently the juvenile flagpole-sitting fraternity was seriously disturbed over a question of ethics, which *The Sun* explains thus:

If any one can be found to act as supreme arbiter of the Lofty Squatters' Equity Union, some of Baltimore's would-be champions may find themselves disqualified through failure to promote the professional dignity of their occupation. The situation has been complicated into the problem of when is a flagpole-sitter not sitting on a flagpole.

Luxury and flagpole-sitting just don't go together, is the view some take, while on the other hand, the answer is, "Why not, just so long as they continue to sit?"

Mrs. Rebecca McCruden, mother of ten-year-old Ruth, decided to investigate the tremendous subject of flagpole-sitting to her satisfaction. Mrs. McCruden was stirred over the reports that Dorothy Staylor, thirteen, had cushions, a back-rest, a radio, and all the comforts of a young lady's boudoir on her pole in the rear of 1230 Light Street.

Ruth has none of these things, not even a shelter over the top, and Mrs. McCruden announced her belief that Ruth had the makings of an honest-to-goodness champion, and had not sought the pampered, easy method of besting "Azie" Foreman's juvenile record.

After a visit to the flagpole of her daughter's feminine rival for sitting honors, Mrs. McCruden declared that "Ruth is sitting on a regular pole, and not on a divan fifteen feet in the air."

And, sure enough, Ruth was sitting on a regular pole, but even the hearty words of encouragement given her by none other than the Mayor of Baltimore failed to stir her to any enthusiasm. She told Mayor Broening she was going to beat "Azie's" record, and that was all.

"If you get lonely up there," the Mayor advised, "get some of your boy friends to come up and keep you company."

"All right," said Ruth.

The Mayor then signed Ruth's autograph album, and over his name wrote the following words:

"With best wishes. Have courage, determination, and remember that stamina and grit are essential in the great struggle of life."

The Mayor announced his interest in the safety of the flagpole

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sitters. He tested wire supports, and told Ruth's backers there was no danger of the pole falling.

Down in South Baltimore, Dorothy lolled atop her comfortable pole, and grinned to an admiring host of neighborhood juveniles whose mothers will not permit them to ascend for the glory of being "the champ." Dorothy had her radio going full blast, and announced that she had suffered no hardship so far. She didn't seem particularly interested in the question of flagpole ethics.

"I'm sitting anyway," she asserted.

Turning again to *The Evening Sun*, we find more dissonance and discord creeping into the flagpole melody. Some of the harsh notes follow:

"Why hasn't Mayor Broening been down in South Baltimore?"

"That Staylor girl — she couldn't fall off if she wanted to."

"Why doesn't some one send Gus Graves a good breakfast?"

And all the while the volume of flagpole sitters was increasing, two new names having been inscribed upon the roll of —well, two new names having been inscribed upon the roll.

The complaint that the Mayor was playing favorites came from a next-door neighbor of Miss Dorothy Staylor. It went something like this:

"He's spending too much time out on Pall Mall Road. He doesn't seem to know that South Baltimore's on the map. And why doesn't this girl get better write-ups? She's got grit. And she hasn't got any more comforts than a lot of the other kids that are on poles."

Dorothy, who had been reclining upon an aerial divan with a radio at her elbow, abandoned the cushions of her couch and came down to hard wood. But that didn't suit Mrs. James Jones, the mother of Jimmy Jones.

"She has entirely too easy a time of it," Mrs. Jones declared. "It's impossible for her to fall out."

Mrs. Jones added that she didn't know when Jimmie was coming down, but that she hoped it would be soon. She said he didn't seem to be minding it much, but that she was about to break beneath the strain.

"I've been up for eight nights now," she said. "And when you've gone for eight nights without any sleep, you feel it. I just can't go to bed and leave him up out there alone. He's an only child, and I just have to stay up."

The proprietor of a lunchroom on Twenty-seventh Street, near Sisson Street, who is serving as observer in the sit of August Graves, brought up the question of food.

After reporting that he could see Gus's feet sticking from underneath the covers, he asked why some one didn't get big-hearted and send Gus a nice hot breakfast.

Melvin Floyd, Catonsville sitter, wrote the following letter to the editor of *The Evening Sun:*

DEAR SIR:

I am a jr. flagpole sitter which started August 6 at 9:30 A. M. I have three witnesses, my brother and two other friends. I would like to know the rules of a jr. flagpole sitter. I would like to get the rules as soon as possible.

Yours truly,
MELVIN L. FLOYD.

Another general impression "rampant throughout the flagpole-sitting sections was that this sitter or that sitter wasn't getting enough publicity." Reading on:

The Pikesville police were genuinely indignant about the casual manner in which the sit of Ralph Knott, at Montrose Avenue, has been treated by the daily press.

"He deserves a better write-up," they declared.

"You're missing a good story out here," declared backers of Harry Jeffery, who is on a thirty-foot pole at 3137 Virginia Avenue. "Why don't you send out and get some pictures of him? He's sitting on the highest pole in town, and he's really sitting, too."

William Wentworth, who is six hours sitting behind Jimmy Jones, was the host at a pole party. Avon Foreman, the self-crowned king of all the pole-sitters, was the guest of honor.

Avon advised William not to stay up on his pole fifteen days, as William planned, because, the champ said, the contender might get sick.

Next season, Avon announced, he is going to go back up on the hickory stick in the back yard of his home at 5704 Ethelbert Avenue, throw his ironing-board overboard and make it a strictly sitting sit that will challenge all records.

Courtesy of the Baltimore *Sun*

"I'M SITTING, ANYWAY"

Retorted Dorothy Staylor, thirteen, when detractors claimed that she had so many luxuries on top of her pole that it was really a divan in the air.

There was mourning among the sitters, as well as dissonance, *The Sun* continues, telling of the loss suffered by one of the "leading exponents of the sedentary art":

Some ruthless, conscienceless person filched the choicest page from the guest-autograph book of Ruth McCruden while she was busily engaged in bringing the fairer sex to the fore in the race for the juvenile squatter championship.

And what good is the champion title, even if she is successful in wresting the crown from the brow of the pioneering "Azie" Foreman, without the autograph of Mayor Broening to attest his recognition of her grit and stamina?

The Mayor's flowing signature led the missing page. It was there affixt on the occasion of his journey to Ruth's back yard to urge the equal-rights sitter to "have courage."

In the hour of her bereavement Ruth turned for consolation to the rôle of comforter. She penned a brief note to Albert Boschke, seventeen-year-old baker boy stowaway on the *Graf Zeppelin* on its flight to America from Friedrichshafen, who was held pending deportation proceedings.

"Dear Albert," the note read, "I am sorry you are not getting the reception you deserve, as you have nerve. Altho you have done wrong, you have got what our Mayor told us to have, and that's courage. Wishing you better luck next time."

The letter was accompanied by $2 from Ruth's donation box.

In other parts of the realm of sitting, the cycle of events maintained a steady course. Three new candidates shinnied up poles, one toppled out of a tree and his arm was broken, and nineteen others, including two females, just sat.

The list of those in the running would be one name greater, except for the fact that James Wittee, ten, just about an hour after pressing into service a tree in back of his home, 2130 Eagle Street, lost his balance and fell.

The donation box referred to above was an important feature of nearly every "sit." The box, we learn, was placed at the bottom of the pole to receive the contributions of gratified spectators. Ruth, according to *The Evening Sun*, collected $22 in nine days. Reading on of the "box-office" luck of others:

The box receipts of her sit were exceeded only by those reported by James Stanton, who reported that he had taken in $40 in seven days.

The next person in line was William Vettle, who said he had received $20 for eight days of sitting.

Harold Schamel reported that he had taken in $16. Harold and Ruth have both enjoyed the patronage of Mayor William F. Broening during their sits.

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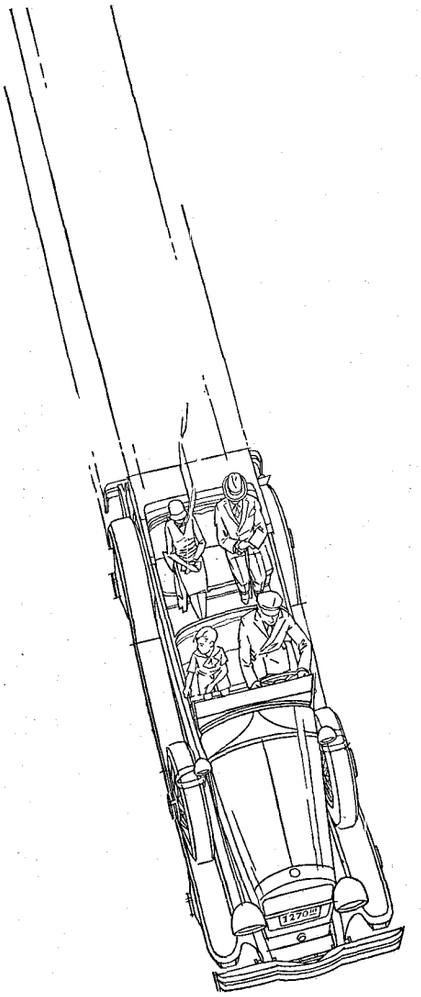
Power! Will it weaken?

First-year feel! will its surge of power survive?



Save them for at least 30,000 miles by using the New Mobiloil.

When we tell you that regular use of the New Mobiloil plus common-sense care will keep your engine's first-year feel for 30,000 miles we are making a conservative statement based on some startling test results. Actually Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice that mileage.

After thousands of miles of laboratory and road tests we are also willing to say this: the New Mobiloil will help your engine develop more power than other oils of equal viscosity and give you 20% less oil consumption at high speed than you get with other oils generally sold for the same motor.

And it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed is the oil which lubricates best at any speed.

Keep your engine's first-year feel with the New Mobiloil — the latest contribution to motorists from the world's oldest and largest specialists in lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New GARGOYLE Mobiloil

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"GENERAL CHAN" FROM HIGGINSVILLE, MISSOURI

THE MACHINE-GUNS CRACKLED viciously from the rival fighting planes. Suddenly everything went black before the eyes of the American aviator, flying for France in the Lafayette Escadrille in 1916. Altho he could not see, he continued to fire wildly at his German foe. There was a terrible pain in his mouth. He put his hand to his face and found it wet with blood. The back of his neck was tortured with agonizing pains. When he tried to move his jaws he found that his mouth was full of loose teeth. A bullet had entered the right side of his mouth and passed out at the left side of his neck. Now he could see again, but he could not see the German plane. He did not care. He forgot the war. His one thought was to get back to his flying field, many miles behind the lines, before he bled to death or fainted in the air and crashed to earth. He made it. He recovered from his wound. False teeth replaced the real ones that had been shot away. But before he had these substitutes he was flying again. "I decided that a few teeth more or less didn't affect an aviator's technique at all," says Lieut. Bert Hall in "One Man's War" (Henry Holt), a narrative of the World War, made from his diaries by himself and Lieut. John J. Niles.

That is an apparently accurate observation, for aviation's first great soldier of fortune, as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* calls Lieutenant Hall, only recently flew himself into the civil war in China, a Chinese name and a generalship in the Chinese Nationalist Army. "General Chan" he became, and head of the Nationalist air force. "General Chan's" own history of this exploit came to America in three brief notes. In *The Post-Dispatch* we read that Lieutenant Niles had word from him that he was in Paris, buying planes for China. Then came a note from Moscow, "On my way flying to China. Regards. Bert." And finally came the last chapter, Lieutenant Niles tells us. Just a few words. "War off temporarily. Sorry." He was on his way to Manila and new adventures not yet recorded. After Lieutenants Hall and Niles wrote "One Man's War," the former eased himself into the Chinese trouble thus, as *The Post-Dispatch* tells us:

Photograph from "One Man's War" (Henry Holt)

"GENERAL CHAN" HIMSELF

Lieutenant Hall, as he appeared during the World War. He is wearing an engineer's uniform.

Lieutenant Hall sailed for distant lands. He went to Japan, where he became interested in an aeronautical project. But, wherever there is a good war on, Bert Hall is apt to be found in the vicinity. The fighting in China drew Hall like a magnet.

When the Nationalist Government realized the qualifications of the aviator who offered his services, they welcomed him with open arms. He was promptly commissioned "General Chan," and given a free hand to create an air service. With railroad transportation in China almost non-existent, particularly in wartime, communication by air is essential to military operations, not to mention the value of aerial observation during a battle. There are a few Western-trained aviators in China, but only a few. And the equipment, what there is of it, is antique and almost worthless. General Chan's job was thus not only to make aviators out of a number of Chinese, but also to get them the necessary ships. It was a gesture typical of Bert Hall. He'll run any risk for the privilege of risking his life. A born fighter.

But Hall comes honestly by his passion for adventuring. Glance for a moment at his father in Higginsville. *The Post-Dispatch* tells us of the senior Hall:

He is an old man now, but he does not wonder at the surprizing exploits of his son, for he, too, was a daredevil adventurer in his day. He fought through the Civil War, and when that ended hurried down to Mexico to amuse himself with the fighting over Maximilian and Carlotta. Bert Hall is just carrying on where the old man left off. He's just a chip off the old block—with all modern improvements.

Bert Hall was born in Bowling Green, Kentucky, and while a child moved with his family to Higginsville, Missouri. The tales of adventure which he heard from his father made him eager for adventure on his own, and he began his wanderings by working on the Mississippi steamboats. He roamed about, became an automobile racer and, finally, in 1910, found himself in France, where he met Henri and Maurice Farman, and through them became interested in flying. In those days flying an airplane was a genuinely hazardous stunt, which undoubtedly accounts for the fact that Hall became an enthusiast. After meeting Blériot, and learning the technique of flying a "tractor" instead of a "pusher" airplane, Bert Hall found himself an accomplished aviator, itching for a chance to display his skill.

He got his chance in 1913 during the Balkan War, *The Post-Dispatch* tells us, continuing:

Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, was then engaged in a row with Bulgaria. He had heard something about the advantages of arming his forces with flying eyes. He wanted an air force. And he was willing to pay $100 a day, in advance, for it. Bert Hall and his French mechanic, André Pierce, signed up with the Turks to fly, reconnoiter, and to signal the artillery batteries when they were wide of their targets. From February 16, 1913, to the middle of April, Hall did service for the Turks, was, in fact, the Turkish air force. But the Turks began to welsh a bit on their contract, and when the $100 per day had diminished to half that sum, Hall and his mechanic flew away one day to Roumania.

There Hall met Bulgarian agents and began to reconnoiter for the Bulgars on the same terms for which he had served the Turks. Hall was such a good aviator that he made flying look like a get-rich-quick graft. The Bulgars began to think that he was getting too much money for his services, and, like the Turks, they began to cut down on his pay. Hall was again about to fly away, but the Bulgars guessed his intentions, arrested him, threw him in jail and ordered him to be shot on the following morning.

Here let us turn aside for a moment to "General Chan's" own thrilling account of his escape from this predicament in "One Man's War." He had begun to be dissatisfied with his Bulgarian connection, as we have already seen. Then, he tells us:

I had had news that the Turks were anxious to take us back, so like a fool I packed up and was about to start back to the Turkish lines. But I never got off the ground. The Bulgarians arrested me.

From the improvised hangar, where they captured me, I was taken to the most terrible jail I have ever seen. It was a one-room affair—stone walls, no light, very little new air, and a seething mob of prisoners—some just ordinary garrison prisoners, some captured Turks, some accused of being spies, like myself, and, like myself, awaiting execution at the very next sunrise.

It was just sundown when they closed that jail-house door on me. Food was served a short while after that. They brought in two big pans, one on top of the other. The top pan contained barley soup with hunks of bread floating around in it, and the under pan contained a hashed-up mixture of vegetables, mostly beets. I can remember that dinner as if it were yesterday. How those prisoners ate! They just went to it with their hands, the stronger ones edging in first and the weaker ones getting what was left. The remaining drops of soup were licked up by

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HOW would you feel if you could not read the news of the world? No newspapers, magazines, books, letters, not even a danger sign or a warning notice?

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Today he cannot read messages on disease prevention. He does not know, unless someone tells him, the important rules of health or how to keep his family from having diphtheria, smallpox, or typhoid fever. These and other preventable diseases often make illiterate localities their breeding places and thus endanger the health of the educated, despite all their precautions.

Perhaps you share the mistaken belief that it is impossible to teach grown-up illiterates how to read and write and that they are content to be illiterate.

Get the confidence of an illiterate and ask him if he would like to be able to read and write. Tell him he can learn to write his name in 30 minutes and learn to read in a few months. In all probability his eager response will amaze you.

It may surprise you to learn that the majority of illiterate persons in the United States are native born — more than three million illiterate Americans. Many of them have never had a chance to learn and do not know where to look for instruction.

Illiterates are not hard to find—a servant, a farmhand, an employee in your own or your neighbor's shop, a laundress, a deliveryman, a laborer in your neighborhood.

There are more than 5,000,000 men and women in the United States who cannot read health messages concerning sanitation and prevention of disease—more than 400,000 of them are in the State of New York, more than 300,000 in Pennsylvania, about 150,000 in Massachusetts. You can find them in every State of the Union—in cities, in towns and in country districts.

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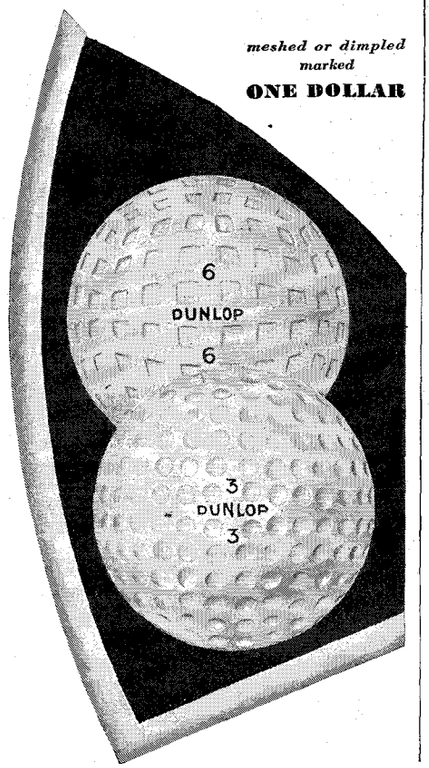
THE IMPORTED "BLACK"
DUNLOP



meshed or dimpled marked
ONE DOLLAR

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

men on all fours like dogs. After the food had been eaten, the guards brought in a tank of water. It was lukewarm and very stale, but I drank as much as I could hold, so as to extend my stomach and thereby forget some of my hunger.

Outside a drumhead court-martial was in progress. From time to time, "the guards would come in and inform a prisoner that he had been found guilty; that he would be shot at sun-up, or put to hard labor, which was perhaps worse than being shot." It must have been near midnight when Hall was called outside. His case was one of considerable importance, and as a result, he says:

I was allowed to say a few words. First, they asked me where my mechanic was. I told them I didn't know. Then they asked me who I was, what I was, how I came to be there. But the decision had already been made. They told me rather calmly that I would be shot at sun-up. I would be permitted to send any messages I liked. They could not guarantee that the messages would be delivered, for, of course, there was a war going on and all that.

The disappearance of Pierce was rather a mystery to me. He had been so dependable up to this time. But now he was gone—and he was carrying half of the money we had collected. I went over and over all the schemes I could trump up, but there seemed to be no way out. It was the firing-squad in the morning! And then I'd never see Higginsville, Missouri, again, and my father, who had fought all through the Civil War and, later, when the Confederacy was washed out, joined Maximilian and Carlotta.

Long after I had given up hope (in fact, it was past midnight), two guards with an officer came in and told me to prepare for an immediate departure. There was no preparation necessary. I left at once. André Pierce had bought my liberty with part of the money he was carrying. Several hours later, as André was spinning the propeller on my plane, so the motor would be started and warmed up with the first full daylight, I heard a burst of rifle fire. It was not very far away. Five volleys followed the first. Six men had been executed. I would have been the seventh, but for the quick thinking and the dependability of my mechanic. It cost us quite a lot of money. The Bulgarian officers who released me were avaricious fellows.

Hall then began to barnstorm over Europe as a stunt aviator, we read, returning to *The Post-Dispatch*. He gave exhibition flights in Roumania and in Russia. It was a very profitable venture, and "the summer of 1914 found him in Paris, earnestly engaged in spending the proceeds." Then came the World War:

With a number of other Americans Hall promptly enlisted in the Foreign Legion, and in a short time found himself at the front. He saw active service in the front-line trenches, and in December, 1914, his name was put on the roster of the French Flying Corps.

As an aviator, Bert Hall became an outstanding American ace. He served with the French until the Lafayette Escadrille was organized, March 14, 1916, and then he became one of the seven original members of that famous flying unit. He and Bill Thaw are the only two survivors of the original seven. Hall rose to be a lieutenant in the air service, and took part in a number of memorable exploits. One of his tasks was to plant spies behind the enemy lines. He would take a French spy, carry him over to some spot behind the German lines and there land him. At a time agreed upon he would later land at the same spot to pick up the spy. One time he took over a spy who was actually in the employ of the Germans. When Hall landed his plane a second time to pick up the spy, he was greeted by a hail of machine-gun bullets, and was barely able to escape. If he had been captured he would have been shot as a spy himself.

In addition to balloon busting and bombing forays, Hall participated in more than forty fights in the air. He was officially credited with bringing down nine enemy planes. He believes that he actually brought down twenty planes, but since many of his combats were not under observation, he was not officially credited with that number. Five victories ranked a flyer as an ace.

When the Lafayette Escadrille was to be incorporated into the United States flying service, after we had entered the war, Hall transferred back again into the French flying corps, we learn, pursuing the account:

His closest friends in the escadrille had been killed off, and altho he was offered a captaincy in the American unit, he preferred to rejoin his remaining friends in the French unit with which he had originally served.

Shortly afterwards he was sent on an important diplomatic mission by the French into Russia, and was there during the outbreak of the revolution. With great difficulty he got out of the country, at the same time serving as unofficial escort to the wife of a Russian general, who was fleeing from the revolution. He helped the General's wife to smuggle a fortune in platinum and jewels out of the country.

After his strange adventures in Russia, he returned again to France, and shortly before the war ended was commissioned to make a film describing the war in the air, and bring it to the United States for propaganda purposes.

Lieutenant Hall was decorated seven times, receiving the Cross of St. George, Medaille Militaire and Croix de Guerre, three palms, the British Distinguished Conduct Medal, the Cross of St. Vladimir, Vertu Militaire, and the Cross of St. Stanislaus, for bombing the palace at Sofia at a time when it was occupied by the Kaiser. The only important member of the Allies which didn't decorate him was the United States, altho he was offered a captaincy in the American air force.

Now, after twenty years of adventuring in an airplane, Bert Hall is engaged in his greatest adventure. What the end of the story will be, no one can guess. Hall is close to fifty years of age now, and a man engaged in such hazardous work can't go on tempting fate indefinitely. But whatever happens, he has already earned his rank with the greatest of American soldiers of fortune. It isn't every day that a chap from Higginsville, Missouri, manages to become a General in the Chinese Army.

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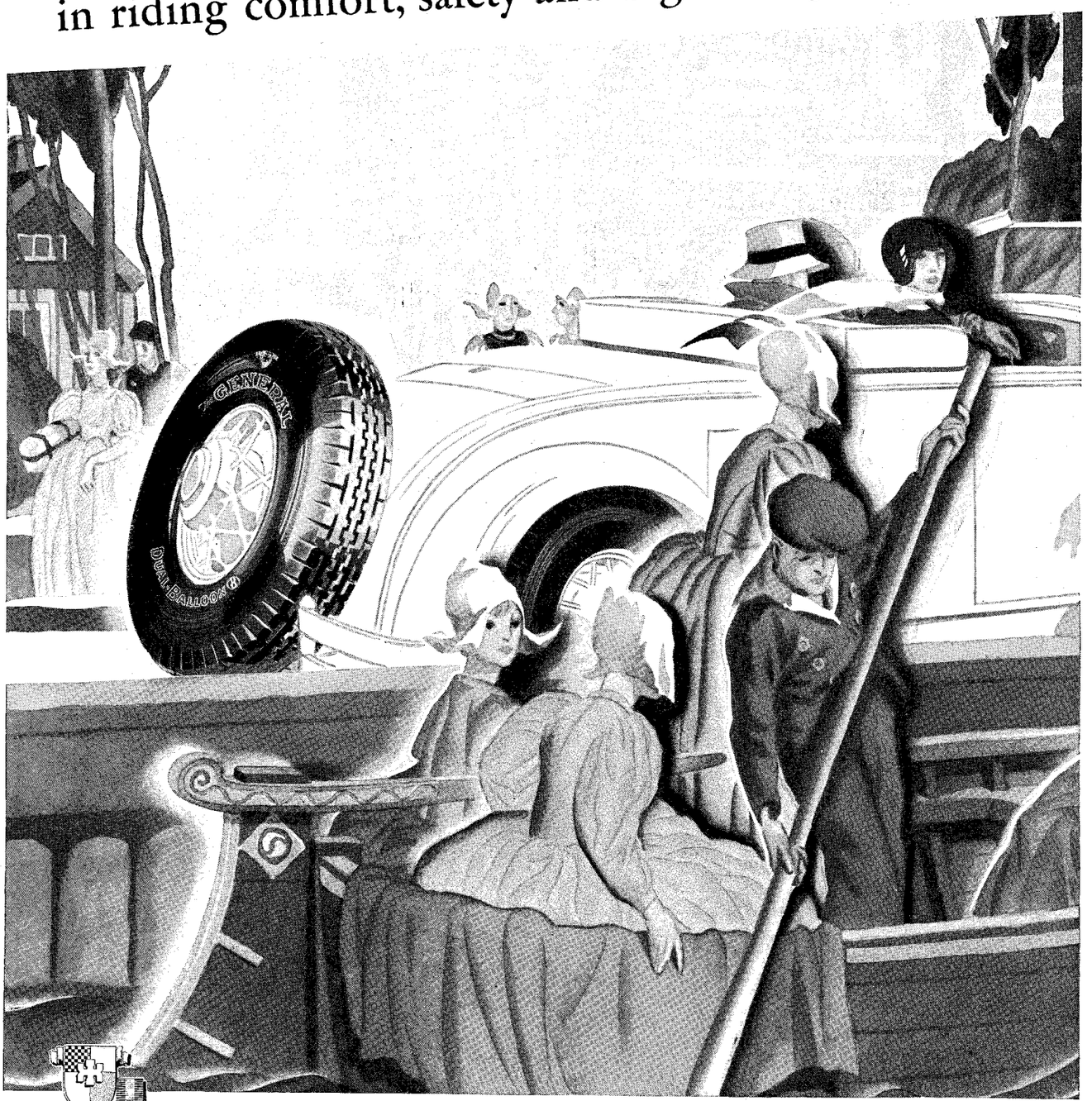

"Canal scene in Holland" Painted by Walter Klett, for The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

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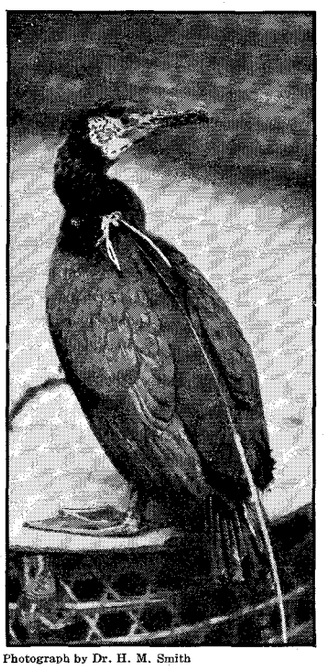
BEASTS ▾ BIRDS ▾ AND ▾ TREES

THE JAPANESE CORMORANTS THAT LAND THE FISH

ICHI, THE BOSS FISHER, was both terribly, terribly hurt and terribly, terribly angry. He protested and gesticulated, ruffling his feathers and flapping his wings, to the consternation of his assistants and the amusement of the onlookers. "Hi, you, Number Three!" he screamed in his bird language. "Get away from there! I come first, and don't you forget it! It's not your turn until after Number Two." He was "a solemn, grizzled old fellow with a pompous, *noli-me-tangere* air almost worthy of a Lord Mayor." He fussed around among his corps of fishers, putting them in order, roundly snubbing the presumptuous Number Three into his place.



Photograph by Dr. H. M. Smith

ICHI LORDS IT ALONE

A Number One cormorant, or *Ichi-Ban*, in all the majesty of his whalebone harness and line.

When that was done, *Ichi* consented to be taken into the boat—first, as befitted his years and rank. He took his post of honor at the very tip of the craft. His helpers, taken from the water, settled themselves in order on the gunwales.

Ichi and his crew could not be greater sticklers for precedence if they were members of the diplomatic corps in Washington. As it is, we learn from Dr. E. W. Gudger of the American Museum of Natural History, who writes in *The Scientific Monthly*, they are cormorants, employed as fishers in some rivers in Japan, by the natives. Dr. Gudger quotes some graphic observations from an article by Major-General Palmer in the London *Times*. *Ichi*, we learn, is always the name of the leader of a band of these trained birds. General Palmer's descriptive article, says Dr. Gudger, gives the reader an excellent idea of this combined sport and business. "Equally clear is Palmer's circumstantial account of the training and behavior of the birds." The General writes, according to Dr. Gudger:

As for the cormorants, they are trained when quite young, being caught in winter with birdlime, on the coasts of the neighboring Owari Gulf, at their first emigration southward from the summer haunts of the species on the northern seaboard of Japan. Once trained, they work well up to fifteen, often up to nineteen or twenty years of age; and, tho their keep in winter bears hardly on the masters, they are very precious and profitable hunters during the five months' season, and well deserve the great care that is lavished upon them. From four to eight good-sized fish, for example, is the fair result of a single excursion for one bird, which corresponds with an average of about 150 fish per cormorant per hour, or 450 for the three hours occupied in drifting down the whole course. Every bird in a flock has and knows its number; and one of the funniest things about them is the quick-witted jealousy with which they invariably insist, by all that cormorant language and pantomimic protest can do, on due observance of the recognized rights belonging to their individual numbers. Number One, or *Ichi*, is the *doyen* of the corps, the senior in years as well as rank. His colleagues, according to their age, come after him in numerical order. *Ichi* is the last to be put into the water and the first to be taken out, the first to be fed, and the last to enter the baskets in which, when work is over, the birds are carried from the boats to their domicile. *Ichi*, when aboard, has the post of honor at the eyes of the boat.

One of the earliest accounts of fishing with cormorants in Japan was written by George Elliott Gregory. Of Gregory's article, Dr. Gudger tells us:

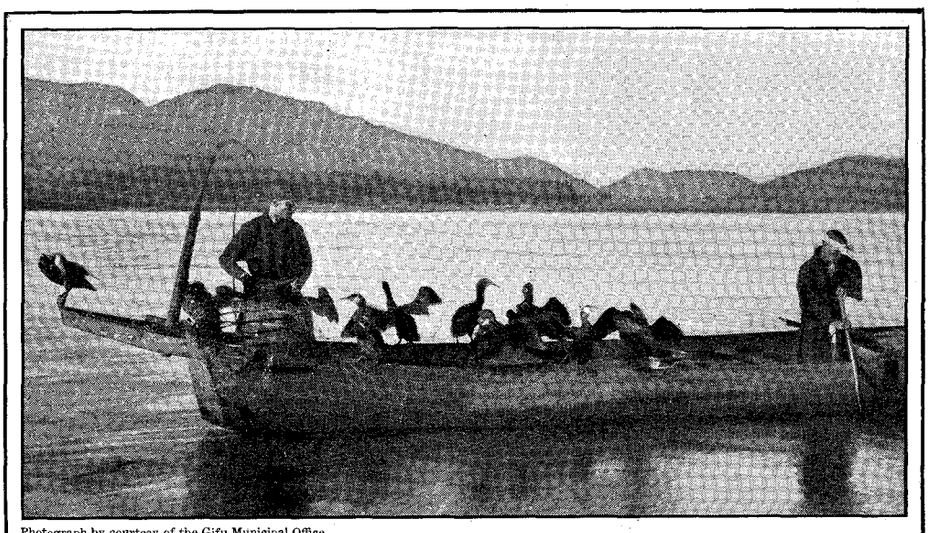
He explains that the cormorants are caught on the island of Susashima, in Owari, by placing wooden images of them in places which they frequent, and by covering the branches of the near-by trees with birdlime. One cormorant caught, others are attracted and in turn are caught. Then Gregory continues, as to their use, that:

"Near the Nagara River are seven houses, the occupants of which are employed in fishing with cormorants. In each of these houses are kept, on an average, sixteen birds. From the first of the fourth month until the end of the eighth month, fishing in the river Nagara is carried on every night. The fishermen go out in long boats which at their bows are furnished with fire-baskets, or cressets. The fish having been attracted by the light from the fires in these, the birds are sent into the water.

"The cormorant, after having caught a fish, is drawn into the boat, and, the fish being taken from it, it is sent into the water again."

Gregory also describes the method of training the cormorants, we are told. He writes that:

From the commencement of the ninth month (October 3) until the commencement of the fourth month (May 7) of the following year, the birds are fattened. As above mentioned, the houses



Photograph by courtesy of the Gifu Municipal Office

PRECEDENCE RULES FISHING BIRDS NO LESS THAN THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS

Behold *Ichi-Ban* proudly holding his place at the tip of the bow, his aids ranged in order on the gunwales The cresset is swung at the bow beside the human chief of operations.

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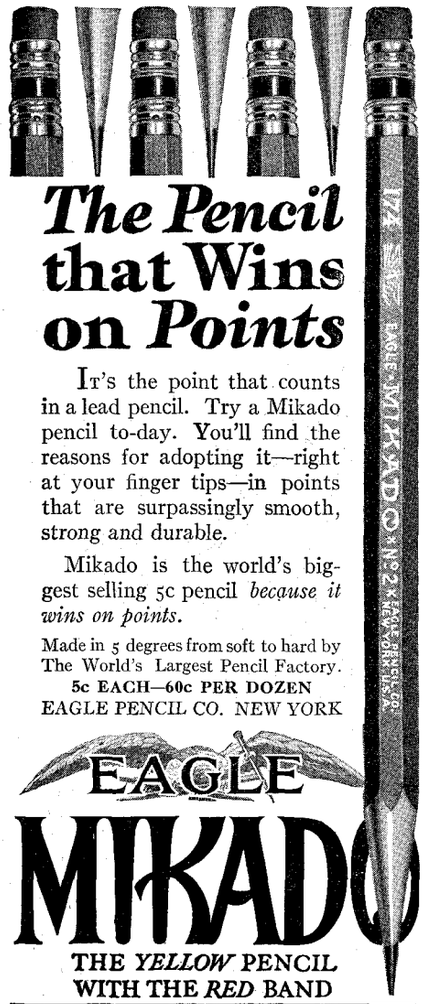

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

in which cormorants are kept amount to seven, possessing a total of about 112 birds. These are trained in the following manner. All the 112 birds are sent off together on the River Nagara; the fishermen encouraging them to fish by uttering cries of "*Aika! Aika!*" The birds dive and catch and eat fish of all sizes (at this time their necks and bodies are not tied up); after having eaten enough they are driven together by help of the boats, none ever escaping. Each of the owners then picks out his own birds from the flock, recognizing them by their heads, and takes them into his boat. Should it happen that a bird strays, the fisherman recalls it by crying "*Ko, ko, ko!*" at the same time holding up a fish, which he gives to it on its return. The birds are fed but once a day, and in the manner just described. Trained birds have a cord tied round their necks to prevent them from swallowing the fish entirely, but they are able to swallow small fish notwithstanding. It is not necessary, if they have been out some time, to give them any other food. In the night, after having finished fishing in the river, should any of the birds evidently still be hungry, they are fed with fish. After this, all the birds are taken to their quarters.

movement, lets a cord be attached to one of its feet. This cord, crossing the stomach, ends at the neck in a ring, destined to prevent the passage of a fish down the throat into the stomach. The whole operation of preparing the birds lasts about twenty minutes. While this is being done, on a movable crane in front of each boat there is lighted a brazier of wood and straw which sheds a strong but uneven light over the river. The men are at their posts, and the cormorants in the water swim here and there, agitated and nervous among the burning sparks falling from the braziers.

There are only four fishermen to a boat. The one toward the rear steers and controls the boat at his will; the second, armed with an oar, pushes on the bottom, on other boats, or on the rocks in such a way as to send the boat in the right direction. At the two ends, standing in plain sight—the one in front almost in the flames—each of the two master fishermen directs his twelve cormorants, holding the mother cord in which end the twelve small cords attached to the birds.

Photograph by courtesy of the Gifu Municipal Office

"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY"

The feathered fishers, as they stretch their wings, perhaps swap Izaak Walton yarns that would put human anglers to shame.

In the *Revue Britannique*, continues Dr. Gudger, there is another spirited description of the fishing at Gifu. This article is not signed, but is attributed to an Admiral Layrle. This writer tells how the fishing sometimes becomes a fête, and his account differs in some details from others. It says, according to the writer in *The Scientific Monthly:*

In each fishing-boat two men begin the preparation of the birds. There are twenty-four to a boat, in a large cage. One of the men pulls out a cormorant by the neck, and while he holds it thus suspended he strokes it, or even tickles it, so that the bird, without any resistance or

With everything thus in order, says Dr. Gudger, "the fishing-boats push off and with the birds drift with the current, closely followed or perhaps preceded by the belanterned boat filled with sightseers, singers, and servants. The music and songs seem to excite the cormorants and incite them to their duty." Resuming Admiral Layrle's description:

These birds are all old hands at the business. The master follows them with his eye and handles the cords in such admirable fashion that they never become tangled, in spite of the many evolutions of the birds—an aquatic pack, one might say, but docile and attentive. The birds work on in all the noise and light. They swim, dive, reappear with the head high and the eyes shining, and every time with a fish. They hurry to get rid of this, that they may dive again to take another.

Another story of the fishing at this same place, and "the best of all the popular accounts," quoted by Dr. Gudger, is

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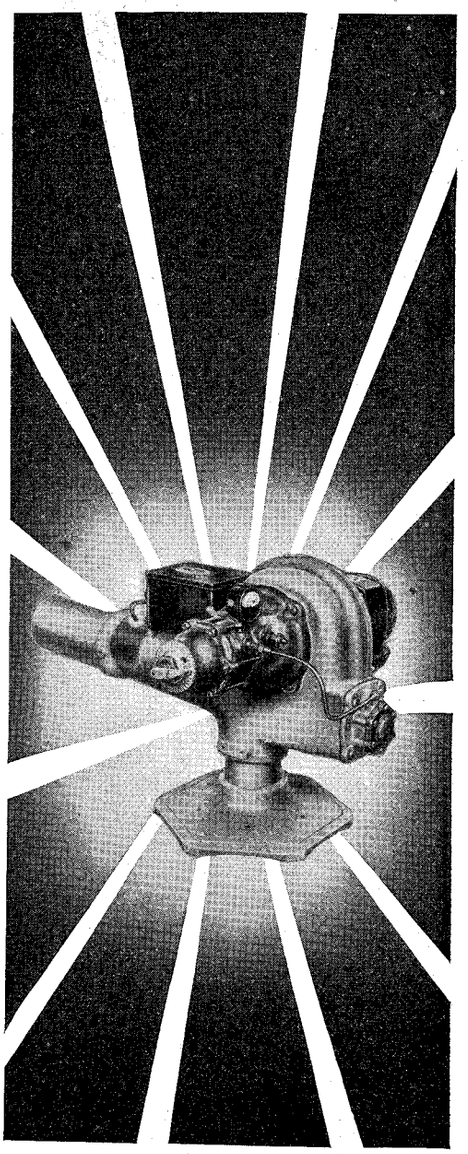

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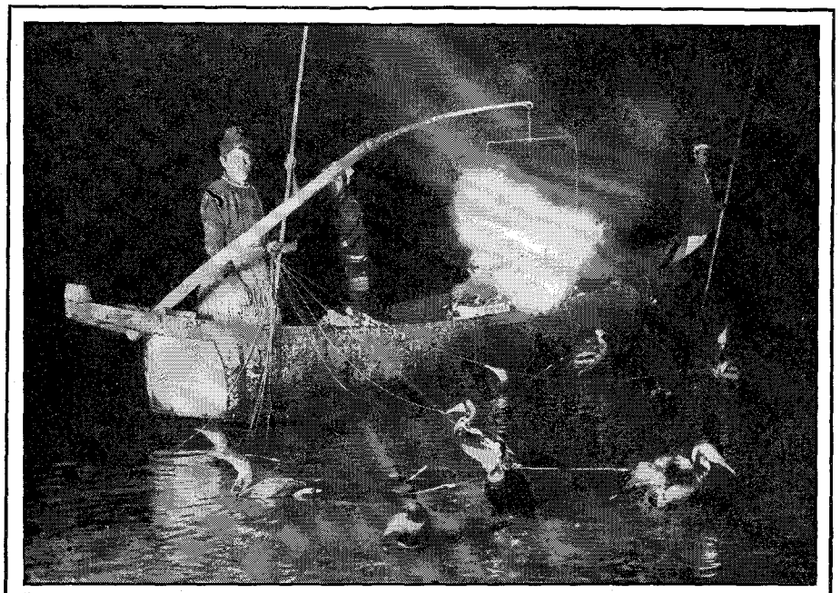
by Mrs. May L. Cochrane. It was published in *Asia* Magazine. Says Dr. Gudger, summarizing her comments:

The cormorants are caught in the summer and fall with birdlime spread on rocks around their haunts. The first caught has its eyelids temporarily sewed up to blind it. Seeing it and hearing its cries, others fly to the rocks and are also caught. The old ones are set free, but the young ones are put in baskets and carried to the fishing-grounds. Here their eyes are unsewed and the birdlime washed off, but their wings are clipt to prevent their flying away. Next, they are taken out in a boat, once a day, and (tethered with a cord) are taught to swim alongside the boat. If they continue wild, and try to bite their captors, their bills are tied up. After a few days (five or six), as they get used to their trainers, all their bonds are removed.



Photograph by courtesy of the authorities of Inuyama

THE BUSY BIRDS WORK BY NIGHT, AND NO TRADE UNION PROTESTS

A flaring cresset swung alongside the boat gives light for the combined business and sport. The man in front is handling nine birds.

Mrs. Cochrane concludes her interesting account with a very pleasing incident in which is recounted the means by which the cormorant master keeps up the morale as well as the physical health of his feathered helpers:

"Presently one of the cormorant masters loaded his baskets upon a dugout and pushed off. We followed in his wake to a quiet cove, where the boats were beached and the birds liberated for their daily bath. In a bunch they floated over the water, ducking and diving for their breakfast of minnows and other small fry. Ecstasy over freedom and contact with their native element was exprest in hoarse notes and many giddy episodes. The birds flew up just to swoop down and 'skid' along on their tails, with webbed feet well up, spread 'full sail,' before they alighted to swim. Then for an interval they all beat the water madly with great sweeps of their wings, until the air was filled with fountain sprays, glittering in the morning sun.

"Their surprizing antics delighted me for a half-hour. Then *Ichi-Ban* went ashore, and all the other birds followed. He chose a dry, open space among the bushes, turned his back to the sun, spread his wings and fanned them slowly up and down. Forming in two lines directly behind him, all the others imitated his movements. This solemn rite went on ceaselessly and without a sound for at least ten minutes, until all feathers were dry. When some of the young birds started off on a fresh frolic, they had to be forcibly persuaded by the patient cormorant master to return, but Number One walked quietly to his basket and stood waiting to be lifted into it. Apparently he had put aside the frivolities of turbulent youth and now seemed content to sleep away, or blink away, the sunny hours, with a tranquillity and a peace utterly unknown in his wild state. With the philosophy of old age he had accepted, in exchange for his loss of hazardous freedom, sure food and a basket-home among mankind."

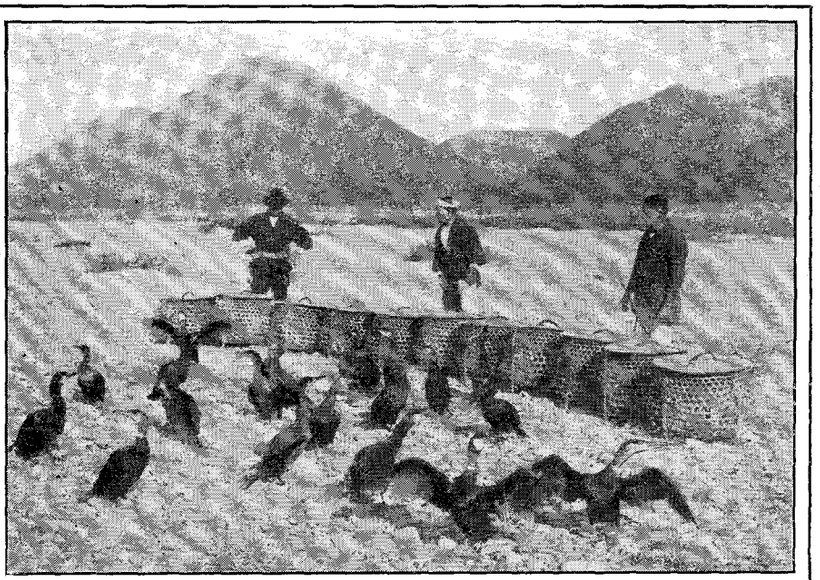
Dr. Nagamichi Kuroda, by imperial edict, went to Gifu early in the summer of 1926 to study the fishing there, Dr. Gudger proceeds. Here "he apparently stayed some time, for, instead of describing some particular night's fishing, he wrote a carefully considered general article dealing with the birds and the other apparatus used in the fishery." Summarizing Dr. Kuroda's comments, the writer continues:

The cormorants are of two kinds: the larger, or Schlegel's cormorant, which is most used, and also the smaller, or Japanese cormorant, called *Kawatsu*. The latter dwells in trees, the former among rocks.

When somewhat tamed, they are taken out on a shoal with tame birds to swim about the boats. Presently they begin to follow the example of the trained birds and so take fish for their own food. Since the cormorants are taken during the summer or fall migration, they get several months' training before the opening of the fishing season in the following May. By this time they begin to work independently, but still fear the fire and the noises. It generally takes from one to two full years of training to make a good fisher. The trainer studies the psychology of his birds and grades them accordingly.

During the fishing season and also during early spring and late fall the keep of the birds presents no problem—they are simply taken out on the river and allowed to catch their own provender. This is called *e-gai*, or "feed-keeping fishing." During the winter the birds are kept in a fowl-room next to the trainer's house, and *Ie-gai*, or domestic feeding, is practised in time of storms and when snow and ice prevent resort to the river.

The best birds are four to eight years old, at which time they are worth 150 to 300 *yen*. Older than eight they begin to slow down in their work, tho they can be used up to about fifteen years. The birds are brought to the boats in baskets having a central partition of board, with two "intimate" (*i. e.*, friendly) birds in each half. Sometimes these are male and female, sometimes two females, but always friendly birds are put together—non-friendly quarrel loudly. The night baskets have no partitions and contain two friendly birds only.



Photograph by courtesy of the Gifu Municipal Office

A LITTLE RELAXATION ON SHORE AFTER A HARD DAY

Cormorants drying their feathers and resting in the sun. Near by are the baskets in which they are kept while at home or while being transported to and from the fishing-grounds.

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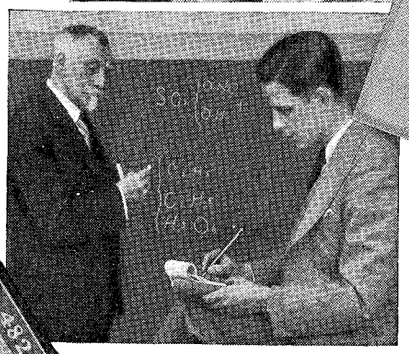

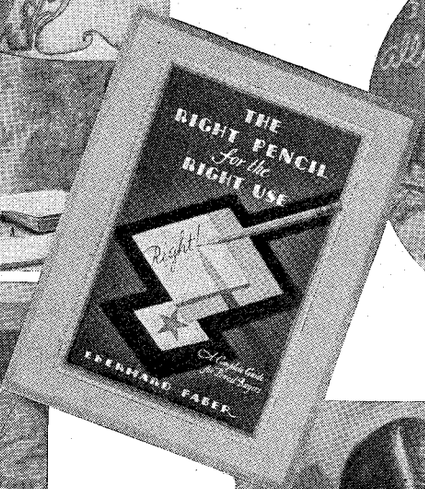

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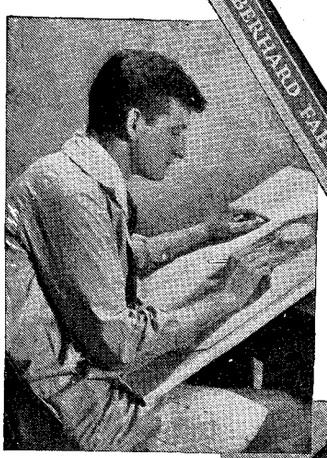

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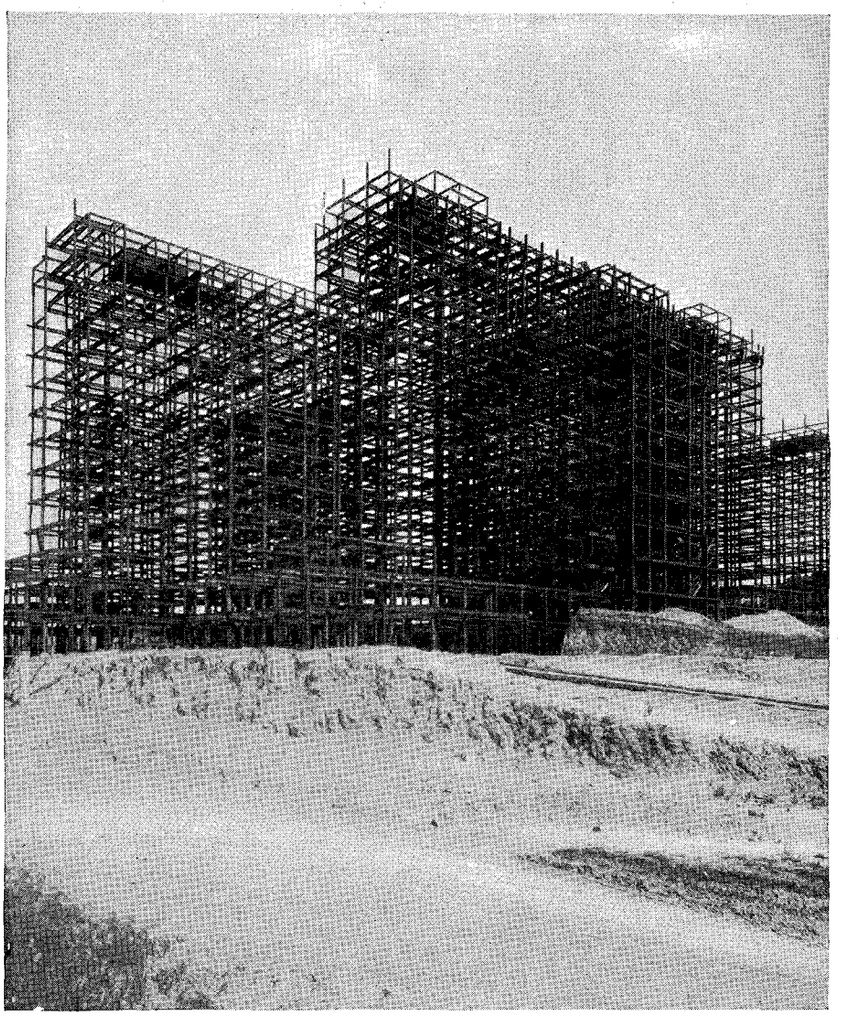

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

A MAN-MADE FOREST THAT THRIVES IN RHODE ISLAND

ONE for the worms, one for the squirrels, and one for the tree. Three acorns were planted at every spot where an oak was wanted, and so the trees grew. Now these white oaks are nearly half a century old. They stand on Potowomut Neck, near East Greenwich, Rhode Island, in a man-made forest of nearly 500 acres, with white pine, Douglas fir, red pine, and Norway spruce. The forest, Erle Kauffman tells us in *American Forests and Forest Life*, Washington, is directed by Thomas G. Mathewson. It is called Goddard Memorial Park and is under the administration of the Rhode Island Metropolitan Park Commission. Tree-planting on Potowomut Neck began during the lifetime of Thomas P. Ives of Providence, we read. Mr. Ives owned the estate before it descended to his sister, Hope Brown Ives. These first plantings were wholly ornamental and of single trees, we learn as we continue:

In 1870 the care of the estate passed into the hands of Henry G. Russell, a New Bedford business man, who had married Hope Brown Ives. Mr. Russell continued to plant trees as Mr. Ives had done, but his interest soon grew until he passed from the planting of ornamental trees to active reforestation of his sandy and barren acres. These first forest plantings were of white pine, and this is especially significant because planting of this species continued throughout Mr. Russell's life, and was a strong factor in later developments. The first pine plantation covered a little more than two acres, and wild seedlings from a near-by pasture served as planting stock. A few years later Mr. Russell brought in a large number of young trees and planted them on adjoining acres. Seed of Scotch, Austrian, Corsican, and white pine were then purchased and planted in a small nursery established on the estate. These were never transplanted, however, for birds took most of the seed, and the few trees that sprouted were killed by drought.

But even more insurmountable obstacles were before Mr. Russell in the unfavorable soil and location of his plantation. The soil was extremely light and sandy, becoming pure sand near the shore line, and in other places it consisted almost entirely of gravel. Too, the ground was kept exceptionally dry by constant exposure to severe winds. Consequently, it was almost impossible in many cases for the roots of the young trees to get a good start, and it was in an effort to build up a soil binder on these exposed places that Mr. Russell experimented with the ailanthus, the Chinese "Tree of Heaven." The experiment was a failure, however, for in the shifting sand and exposed to severe winds most of the trees were destroyed at a somewhat early stage.

Perhaps the most successful forest planting after the white pine and white oak was made with red pine. These "were first brought to Mr. Russell's attention by the late Charles Sprague Sargent, who

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suggested that they be planted on the most exposed parts of the estate." Says Mr. Kauffman further:

These succeeded from the start, making a quicker growth than the white pine, and a few of these trees now standing in the exposed regions of Potowomut Neck have well demonstrated the ability of their kind to withstand adverse conditions. The chestnut, also, was planted with success, and the small stand was in splendid condition until attacked and killed by the blight several years ago.

In 1890, more than 24,000 Douglas fir-seedlings were brought in from the West, the first shipment of this species, so far as is known, ever made for planting in the East. The Douglas fir has produced a beautiful stand, and has endured the shade of other trees with considerable success. Unfortunately, this plantation has been affected by a European canker.

When, after Mr. Russell's death, Colonel Goddard took over the administration of the estate, plans were made for the perfection of the forestry project inaugurated by Mr. Russell. The irregular physical boundaries of the old plantings, as well as the great differences in their condition, and the varying treatment they had received with regard to thinning and underplanting, made this task difficult and of considerable opportunity for technical skill. It was necessary to complete as well as correct the existing plantations and to make new ones which would add definite value and beauty to the entire undertaking. Too, there was the problem of joining the old and new forests so that in time the forest park would bear the aspect of a single, well-developed scheme. Colonel Goddard appealed to his friend, the late Charles Sprague Sargent, and the result was that a technical forester was employed. Under his direction, from 1910 to 1913, more than one hundred acres were planted, but not without difficulty. Shallow, sandy soil, exposure, and winds from the ocean troubled the forestry expert as much as they had troubled Mr. Russell. In addition, in 1911 and 1912, abnormal summer heat and winds literally burned up the young trees. Too, a serious grass fire consumed hundreds of the seedlings.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, Colonel Goddard replanted the burned area, and the three years' effort on the whole was productive of very satisfactory results.

THE COVER—Glacier National Park is one of the glories of our Western terrain, lying in northwestern Montana abutting the Canadian boundary. Fifteen hundred square miles comprise practically the scenic splendors of this section, and this is the area of the Park. On the Canadian border the land subsides into low hills, on the east the prairie takes possession, while south and west the mountains cease to vie with those of the government enclosure. We give on the cover, "Citadel Mountain," one of the "high spots" of this resort that is rapidly making its bid for the world's interest. The strong, clashing colors of this land are shown by Adolph Heinze, who first spent two months painting the scenery, and exhibited his results in Chicago, in 1926. The Great Northern Railroad thereafter commissioned him to make twelve paintings of the entire scope of Glacier Park. The finest effects are at sunrise and sunset, he tells us, and it will be seen that in one or the other guise Citadel Mountain is represented.

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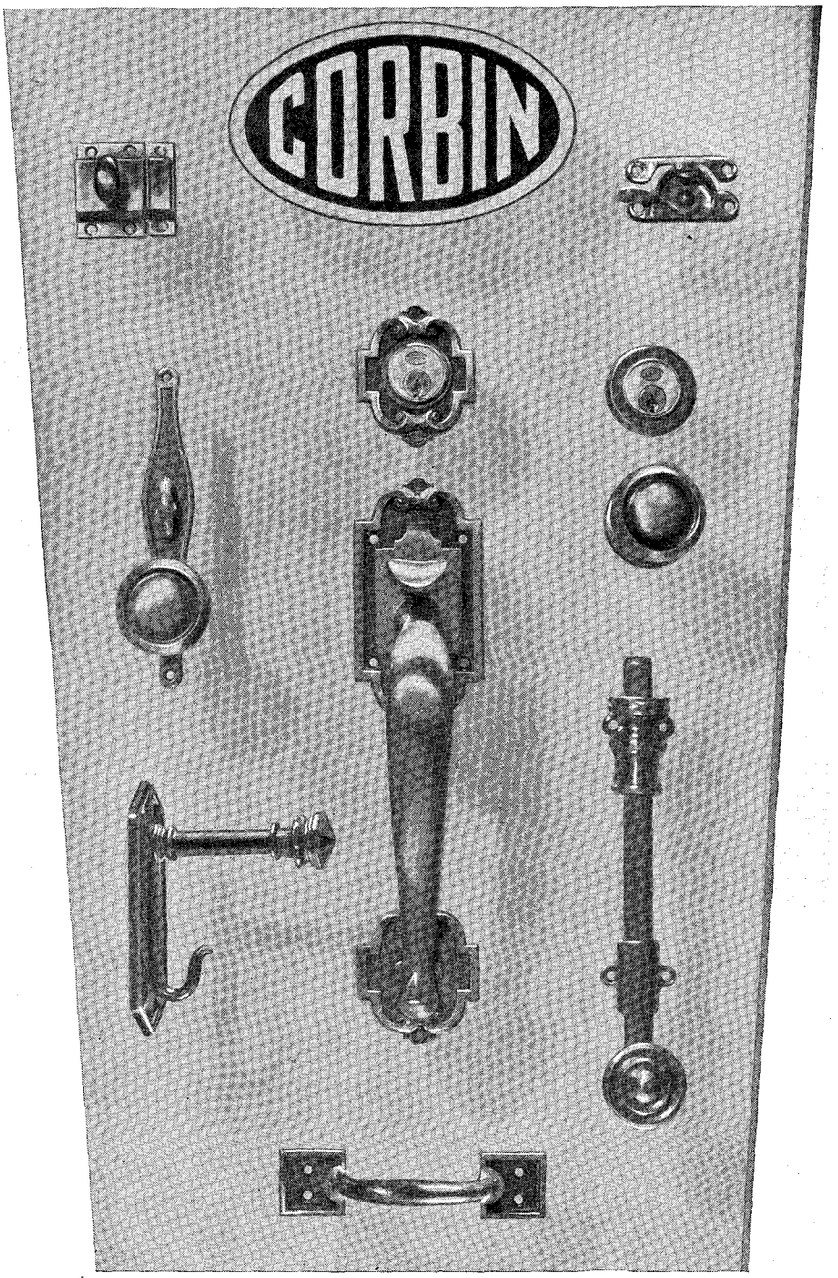

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

HOW OUR NEW MONEY AFFECTS CREDITS

A STRANGE NEW FACTOR in the credit situation, something that has never happened before and probably never will again, is the way the "souvenir value" of our new paper money issued in July has been increasing the circulation of Federal Reserve notes recently and, consequently, has been increasing Federal Reserve credits. Thus curiosity affects the credit statistics as people are putting the new bills away as keepsakes, or carrying them around to show to friends. *The American Banker*, calling attention to this phenomenon, notes a recent Federal Reserve Board statement to the effect that:

The total volume of Reserve Bank credit outstanding showed an increase of about $120,000,000 during the four weeks ending July 17, the increase being in discounts for member banks. Demand for additional Reserve Bank credit arose chiefly out of a considerable increase in the volume of money in circulation which accompanied the issuance of the new small-size currency.

It is noted further that the increase of $122,000,000 in the volume of Federal Reserve note circulation between June 26 and July 24 roughly parallels the $120,000,000 increase in Federal Reserve bank credit. As *The American Banker* comments editorially:

People are carrying more pocket money—or, perhaps, more people are carrying pocket money—than they were a month ago. The housewife has a few more bills stuck behind the clock on the mantelpiece. All because Uncle Sam changed the design of his bank-notes and issued a bill that, for the time being at least, has what might be called a "souvenir value."

In 1928, it may be pointed out, Federal Reserve note circulation on June 27 stood at $1,604,635,000. In order to take care of the Fourth of July holiday and month-end settlement needs, on July 3, 1928, circulation had mounted to $1,660,132,000, an increase of nearly $55,000,000. But by July 25 the Federal Reserve notes in circulation in this country had dropt back to $1,606,582,000, practically where they were June 27, the month before. Compare this year's record:

Federal Reserve notes in circulation:

June 26	$1,658,496,000
July 3	1,736,259,000
July 10	1,833,004,000
July 17	1,801,225,000
July 24	1,780,403,000

The total of nearly $90,000,000 added to circulation, when the new bills were put out, continues to stay out. How much of this new money circulation is going to stay out permanently, the Federal Reserve System would like to know. While it is out, a 35 per cent. reserve has to be maintained against it, even tho it be ensconced among the family heirlooms or framed on the wall of a speak-easy.

Presumably, remarks the New York *Journal of Commerce*, the excess currency will soon be returned. The incident, however, it adds, "shows how easy it is for monetary and credit relationships to be affected by occurrences that have in them an element of the unexpected, even the childish. The episode of the new bills suggests the need for making careful allowance for those incalculable elements in human nature that interfere with orderly processes."

WE were crowded in the cabin
  Watching figures on the Board;
It was midnight on the ocean
  And a tempest loudly roared.

We were watching the quotations
  With a certain sad appeal;
Some were short in General Motors,
  Some were long on U. S. Steel.

And, as timidly a tourist
  Took a chance on twenty shares—
"We are lost!" the Captain shouted,
  As he staggered down the stairs.

"I've got a tip," he faltered,
  "Straight by wireless from the aunt
Of a fellow who's related
  To a cousin of Durant."

At these awful words we shuddered
  And the stoutest bull grew sick,
While the brokers cried "More margin!"
  And the ticker ceased to tick.

But the Captain's little daughter
  Said, "I do not understand—
Isn't Morgan on the ocean
  Just the same as on the land?"

—From the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*.

THE BROKERS TAKE TO THE SEA

THE INAUGURATION of direct ship-to-shore brokerage service on August 14, by the New York Stock Exchange firm of de Saint-Phalle and Company, on the *Ile de France*, closely followed by M. J. Meehan and Company, on the *Berengaria* and *Leviathan*, apparently inspired the parody reprinted on this page—one of many similar columnar efforts in prose and verse. To the Philadelphia *Inquirer* the fact that the broker has taken to the sea is a sign that we are living in an era of progress. But, it adds, "there is danger that this innovation will rob ocean voyages of their greatest charm, which was to get entirely out of reach of the office." The new broker—or, to be more precise, customers' man—must be a good sailor; but, with 'round-the-world air traffic in prospect, an additional requirement within the next six months may be freedom from air-sickness. In the offices already installed on the ships mentioned above and the *France*, *Paris*, *Mauretania*, and *Aquitania*, which are to be equipped later by the two companies, the staff, says *The Wall Street Journal*, will consist of a branch manager, two radio operators, and a quotation-board boy. Special radio equipment, we are told, has been installed by the Radio-Marine Corporation, which transmits all quotations and orders in code, thereby insuring absolute secrecy. The special wireless room is independent of the ship's wireless service, and is said to be capable of receiving continuous quotations on a hundred stocks. Says the New York *World*, using the de Saint-Phalle system as its model:

This development has been hanging fire while the Stock Exchange gave stringent tests to a new secret code. Experts were put to work and tried without avail to decipher the code. Finally the Stock Exchange decided there was no possibility of the quotations being picked out of the air by bucket-shop operators or other unauthorized persons, who might use them for fraudulent purposes.

Three radio channels—one to receive continuous quotations, the second to transmit orders to New York, and the third to receive executions—are available for use. For speed in transmission of quotations to the Board, a special teletype relay is being used.

From the New York office radiograms will be coded, giving quotations on 100 stocks on each change in price. These messages will be sent by private wire to the Radio-Marine station in Tuckerton, New Jersey; from Tuckerton ships will be reached wherever they are by means of a special channel, using a thirty-six-meter wave-length, assuring practically instantaneous contact, with assurance of secrecy in transmission.

Two special radio operators aboard the ship will receive these coded messages and transmit them as they are received to the wire expert of de Saint-Phalle and Company, who will decode the messages and write the quotations on the Board. In a similar way orders will be coded by the wire expert, handed over to the wireless operators, transmitted to Tuckerton, and from there to the main office. If atmospheric conditions in Tuckerton are such that radiograms can not be sent from there, these messages will be sent from London to the Portishead station. The customers will have to stand radio charges in addition to regular brokerage fees.

Transoceanic brokerage business has been growing to immense proportions along with that in this country. But there has been an interlude of uncertainty and inconvenience for speculators

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An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

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It is used by the many. The time and money it saves are as important to the small business as to the large. The humblest home depends on it for aid in emergency, to run errands, maintain friendships.

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It is spending more than 550 million dollars this year—one and one-half times the cost of the Panama Canal—for new plant and service improvements. This program is part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.

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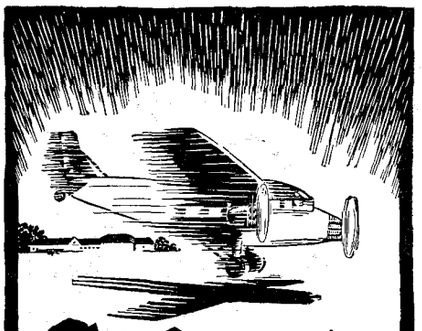

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AT ALL DRUGGISTS

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

crossing the ocean. Some have bridged it for themselves. In these cases there has always been the obstacle of delay in transmission. The new service will cut the delay to a minimum, and make speculation available to all passengers with the necessary margin. The seafaring world, once monopolized by hard-bitten, tobacco-chewing mariners, has had to make room for barbers, manicurists, and what not. Now it is to have its seagoing customers' men.

Other newspapers comment upon the fact that the setting up of seagoing brokerage offices means "that the tired business man is about to be deprived of his last and most secure refuge." As we read in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch:*

Soon after the advent of the radio, daily newspapers were published aboard the largest steamships, and recently the radio-telephone has enabled the man who does not know how to play to keep in daily touch with his office; but even these so-called "modern conveniences" were not so bad as an honest-to-goodness brokerage office. Hereafter ocean travelers, whether business men or not, will spend their days in a stuffy room—stuffy in spite of the ocean—filled with tobacco smoke and vocal expressions of elation and dismay, according to the movement of the stock ticker. Wives, daughters, sweethearts, all will be of no consequence in comparison with the steady droning of the ticker. More than likely the women will join this party also, for since the start of the bull market a year ago, thousands of women all over the country have learned to play stocks on a margin.

THE SHORT-LIVED SAVINGS ACCOUNT

THE average life of a savings-bank account is not more than seven years, according to the Association of Mutual Savings Banks. Commenting on this, the New York *Times* finds the conclusion inescapable—"depositors regard the savings-bank as a repository for moneys destined to some other use and do not regard their account as a permanent investment." From the same authority comes the further statement that savings accounts closed out annually comprise about 15 per cent. of the total number. Says *The Times:*

It would be of interest to know whether this percentage increases in times of national depression or in times of prosperity. Doubtless a certain amount goes into real-estate investment—generally to buy a home—and a certain proportion goes for the education of children.

If it were not that a good deal of money withdrawn from savings-banks is lost in the pursuit of chimerical schemes for attaining wealth, one would be inclined to say that this conception of the savings-bank account as a temporary rather than a permanent investment is sound. It is distinctly American, springing from the general hope of "getting on."

The pity of it is that savings laboriously acquired should ever be so foolishly "reinvested" that the principal is wiped out. Moreover, the habit of saving, once interrupted, is not easily resumed.

FOR BIGGER—AND FEWER—BUTTER-AND-EGG MEN

"THE dairying industry has been one of the last to feel the touch of major industrial enterprise," says L. E. W. Pioda of California, head of the rapidly expanding Golden State Milk Products Company. According to the New York *World*, Mr. Pioda's associates call him "the biggest butter-and-egg man west of Chicago," and his company is an example of what he says, since it participated in twenty-one mergers last year. The recent rapid concentration of dairy-products distribution causes O. M. Kile, in one of his agricultural dispatches from Washington, to wonder what the meaning of it is, and to ask: "What will be the ultimate effect on prices to the dairy farmer and to the consumer? How will the stockholders of the merger benefit?" Mr. Kile reminds us under his "How Things Look to the Farmer" heading that earlier this month the Borden Company announced the absorption of 52 additional plants in 13 States and 3 foreign countries, including distributers of dairy products, eggs and poultry, and even an egg-breaking plant in China. Some time before this the Kraft Cheese Company let it be known that it had bought control of Southern Dairies, Inc., itself a merger of dairy and ice-cream properties in a number of Eastern and Southeastern cities. And now Mr. Kile hears that a third big chain is being formed by New York bankers which is to include a number of dairy products distributers. Dr. C. W. Larson, formerly of the Department of Agriculture, is quoted as saying that the basis of these mergers is the belief that economies of management and savings in sales and distribution costs will be enough to benefit the producer and consumer, and at the same time pay dividends on the enlarged capitalization. Whereupon Mr. Kile comments:

This is certainly a big job for superior management to undertake. It argues very extensive wastes under the present system of distribution. Undoubtedly there is much duplication of effort in towns where several milk distributers travel daily over the same routes.

It would be easier to understand how these savings are to be effected if the plan were to monopolize the business for a given town or series of towns. But that, apparently, is not the plan. The Borden Company has bought as many as three companies in one town, but has never undertaken to buy a monopoly. This point has been made clear to the Department of Justice, so as to forestall any misapprehension in that quarter.

It is argued that the only way in which a monopoly could be developed in a given market would be by lowering the price of the products. If any attempt were made to increase prices of milk or ice-cream, the added profits would soon attract competitors.

Just what the effect upon the producer would be is not clear. It seems likely that with improved manufacturing and sales methods there should be a gradual and steady increase in the demand for dairy products. This would be decidedly bene-

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ficial to the dairyman. Some of the cooperative producers' organizations are viewing these mergers with an anxious eye, however. They have just got their cooperative groups into good working order surrounding many of the larger cities, and find that they can cope with the local dealers and distributers very satisfactorily. But they now wonder what their situation may be when the strength of these local distributers is fortified by allies, and perhaps surplus milk supplies, in many other cities.

The immediate reason for this sudden movement toward consolidation in the dairy industry is, no doubt, a changed attitude on the part of investment bankers. Always on the lookout for businesses that seem to offer a possibility for reorganization with a consequent margin of profit to themselves, the bankers have only recently discovered the dairy industry. Here is an industry handling enormous quantities of a daily food necessity, yet the business is split up into thousands of local independent units. That is the set of conditions that the investment banker likes to work on.

A "GIANT" MARKET PROPOSED FOR CHICAGO

THE Chicago Board of Trade is to begin stock trading on September 16, and the negotiations now in progress to eliminate conflict with the Chicago Stock Exchange may possibly lead to a merger between the two markets, suggests Owen L. Scott in a Chicago dispatch for the Consolidated Press. He proceeds to inform us:

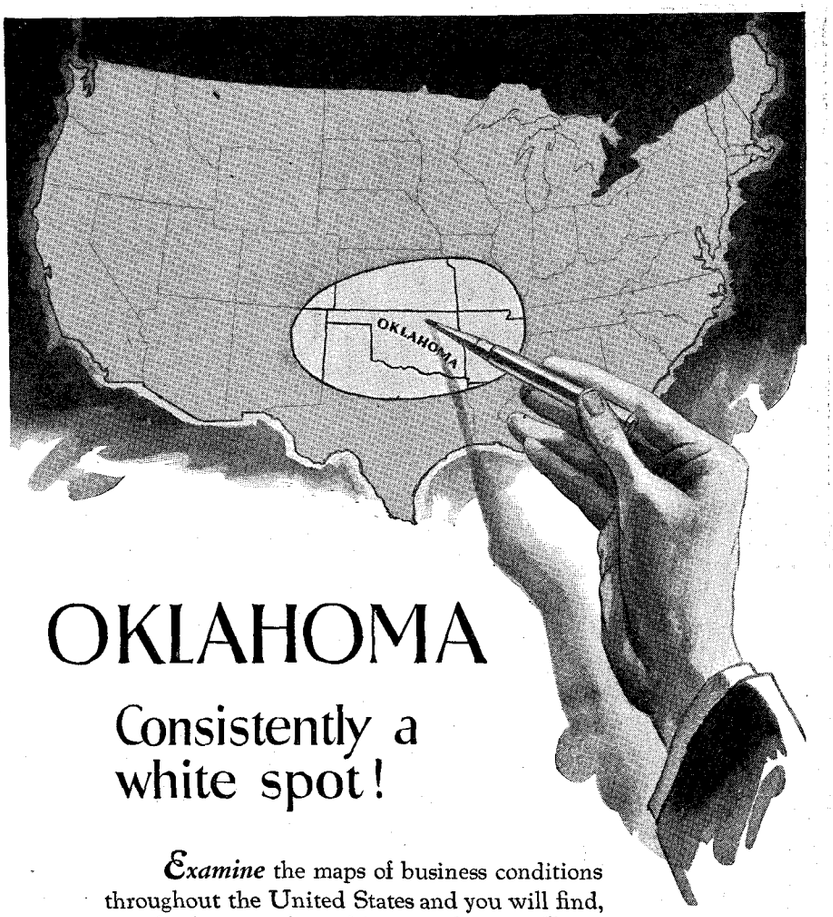
Such an amalgamation would give the Midwest an unrivaled trading exchange. As it is, the Board of Trade is the world's leading grain market, and is probably coming to the front as a cotton exchange; it is laying plans for a stock trading on a broad scale, expecting that its already extensive wire system will tap new trading centers.

At the same time the Chicago Stock Exchange is growing at a record rate. Five hundred thousand share days are just around the corner. Officials of the Stock Exchange estimate that within the next six months $100,000,000 in new money can be absorbed by the Chicago market. "Approximately $400,000,000 of central States money now is in the East," they point out. And for every $100,000,000 brought back, the credit total here increases not less than a billion dollars, while bank deposits increase about $60,000,000.

One matter under negotiation between the two trading organizations is the Stock Exchange's rule limiting the activities of its members who trade on other exchanges. When this is settled, "the way may be opened to merger discussions." As we read:

Seats on the Grain Exchange now are selling at record prices. The last sale was at $60,000. At the same time trade in grain is of record proportions, and it is expected that July will have seen 2,300,000,000 bushels of grain futures traded in. Seats on the Chicago Stock Exchange sell for around $70,000. Trade here likewise is of record-breaking size now.

Consolidation of the two would give Chicago a market almost unrivaled in trading possibilities.



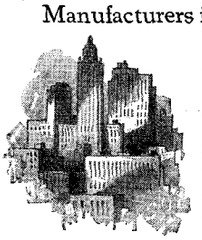
OKLAHOMA

Consistently a white spot!

Examine the maps of business conditions throughout the United States and you will find, month after month, a white area denoting "business—good" in and around Oklahoma. Not always has the entire state been included in the white spot, but rarely has there been a month in several years when some part of Oklahoma was not shown to be outstandingly prosperous.

The reasons for this favorable condition are not far to seek. The answer lies in Oklahoma's wealth and diversification of basic resources. Although the state was *second in the nation* in the value of its mineral products in 1928, it is a surprising fact that farm products brought even more income than did the minerals. Oklahoma stands *ninth* in crops, and is one of only six states producing more than a billion dollars of raw materials annually.

First in natural gas. Fuel advantages, too, have played a big part—and are destined to take an even more important role—in the prosperous development of the state. Oklahoma stands first among the states in natural gas, producing one-fifth of the nation's supply of this best of all industrial and domestic fuel.



Manufacturers interested in investigating a state where market, raw material, fuel and labor conditions are altogether exceptional—a state that is prosperous at present and holds bright promise of even greater prosperity and progress—are invited to communicate with our Industrial Department. No cost or obligation will be incurred, and all correspondence will be held strictly confidential . . . Write.

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

August 14.—The World Advertising Conference in Berlin adopts resolutions pledging support to all world-peace movements.

General Lord Horne of Stirkoke, a British General in the World War, dies in Scotland.

August 15.—The *Graf Zeppelin* leaves Friedrichshafen, Germany, for Tokyo, on its trip around the world, with sixty-one persons aboard, including twenty passengers.

Settlement of the Lancashire cotton-mill strike is announced in England.

Paris dispatches announce settlement of the Franco-American dispute over the activities of American tariff agents engaged in securing information for the valuation of French imports into the United States.

The death of 1,300 persons from cholera is reported from Bombay province, India.

Sir Ray Lankester, scientist and writer, dies in London, aged eighty-three.

August 16.—London dispatches report that the Chinese Government has notified the Powers that Russia has invaded Chinese territory in Manchuria.

August 17.—Moscow papers deny Chinese reports of a Russian offensive in Manchuria.

August 18.—Mukden dispatches report skirmishes along the Manchurian border and the mobilization of 100,000 additional Manchurian troops.

One man is killed and sixty-two wounded in a clash between Fascist and Socialist groups in a village in Styria, Austria.

August 19.—It is announced from The Hague that the British Government will begin to withdraw its 6,000 troops from the German Rhineland so as to complete the operation by the end of the year.

The *Graf Zeppelin* lands at Kasumigaura, the Japanese Naval air base, near Tokyo, after traveling without stop 6,880 miles from Friedrichshafen in 101 hours and 53 minutes.

Serge Diaghileff, Russian impresario, dies in Venice at the age of fifty-seven.

Two Swiss aviators, Oscar Kaeser and Kurt Luescher, take off from Juncal, a Portuguese village near Lisbon, on a westward Transatlantic airplane flight.

DOMESTIC

August 14.—Geoffrey Scott, English biographer, dies in New York City at the age of forty-five.

August 17.—President Hoover speaks to a crowd of 5,000 at Madison, Virginia, near his week-end fishing camp.

August 17.—Ex-Senator Cyrus Locher of Ohio, dies in Cleveland at the age of fifty-one.

August 18.—The Actors' Equity Association abandons its attempt to enforce the Equity shop on the motion-picture industry.

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The first National Women's Air Derby starts at Los Angeles with nineteen competitors.

The Federal Farm Board announces that it is extending credit up to $9,000,000 to California grape and raisin producers.

Control of the United Cigar Stores passes to a syndicate representing the financial interests now controlling the Gold Dust Corporation.

August 19.—Two companies of National Guardsmen are ordered out to quell rioting textile strikers at Marion, North Carolina.

The Senate Finance Committee reports tariff measure reducing many of the rates of the Hawley bill passed by the House, the chief reductions being in the sugar, metals, agriculture, and sundries schedules.

John B. Daniel, radio announcer of the National Broadcasting Company, dies in New York at the age of twenty-nine.

The Federal Farm Board makes from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 available to Southern cotton cooperatives for handling this year's crop.

August 20.—Miss Marvel Crosson, one of the entrants in the National Women's Air Derby, is killed when her plane falls near the Gila River in Arizona.

Nick Mamer and Art Walker return to Spokane in their plane *Spokane Sun God*, completing the first round-trip non-stop refueling flight across the continent, covering 7,200 miles without a stop.

The first American all-metal dirigible airship, the *Z M C-2*, makes a successful trial trip at Detroit.

Contract Job.—The druggist was awakened long after midnight by the violent ringing of his door-bell. On looking out his window, he saw a young miss in evening clothes.

"What's the matter?" he cried, as he pulled on his dressing-gown. "Somebody ill?"

"Oh, no," she cried gaily; "but I'm at a dance close by and I've mislaid my rouge."

"Really?" asked the druggist, softly. "Well, I'm sorry, but I never keep enough rouge in stock to cover a cheek like yours!"—*London Answers.*

Thunder on the Fence.—Two strangers had been paired in the golf club tournament. One was Colonel Thunder, red of face, bald of stroke, free of tongue. The other was a meek man, introduced simply as Mr Pywell. At the first bunker Colonel Thunder took a long, silent look at his ball, then turned and exclaimed:

"Pardon me, doctor. But before I tackle this lie, would you mind telling me if you're a D.D. or an M.D.?"—*Montreal Star.*

Might Have Been Lindenboig.—The *Spirit of St. Louis* was making a few lower circles before its reluctant descent upon Mitchel Field.

"It's Linboig!" shouted one of the spectators.

"Not Linboig. Lindbergh!" corrected a bystander.

"Well," said the shouting spectator, he's flying Linboig's plane!"—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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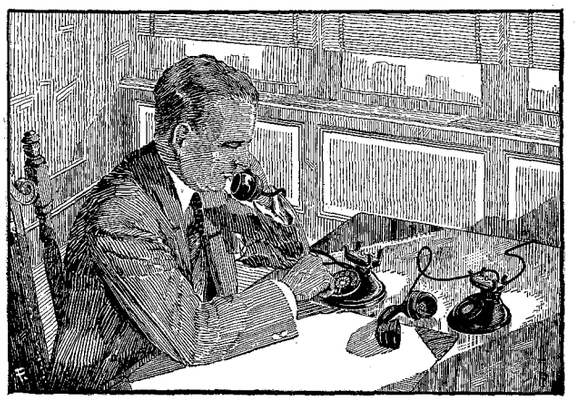

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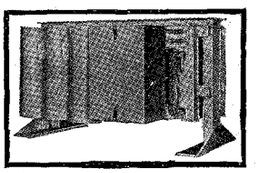

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THE · SPICE · OF · LIFE

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Count 'Em!—The Little Carnegie Playhouse has gone Russian with Sovkino's. "The Village of Sin," an atmospheric film of life in a vodka village. The film was directed by Olga Preobrezhenskaya—a woman of letters.—*Variety.*

But Why Not "Whoopee"?—
A guy I hate,
Orlando Goopy
Calls Whoopee "woopee"
Instead of "hoopee."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Last Long Drive.—GOLFER—"Hi, caddie! Isn't Major Pepper out of that bunker yet? How many strokes has he had?"

CADDIE — "Seventeen ordinary, sir, and one apoplectic!"—*Passing Show.*

Double Diagnosis. — "How's your car running?"

"Not so good. I can't keep it throttled down."

"How's your wife?"

"Oh, she's about the same."—*Pathfinder.*

Lower Visibility.—CUSTOMER—"I should like to try that frock on in the window."

ASSISTANT — "Sorry, madam, but the management will not allow that. Would you care to try it on in our private fitting room?" — *Everybody's Weekly.*

Clearing the Tracks. —"A Boy Scout doesn't procrastinate."

"No," agreed the small wearer of khaki. "That's why I always do my good deed first thing in the morning and get the darned thing over with."—*American Legion Monthly.*

Adepts of the Brush.—The class was having its weekly talk on painting, and teacher said, "Sir Joshua Reynolds was able, with a single stroke of his brush, to change a smiling face into a frowning one."

"That's nothing," muttered little Jimmy, "my maw can do that."—*B. & M. Magazine.*

A Life We've Lit.—"As to THE DIGEST, I have been buying or taking it since 1918, when I used to buy it from a man on the streets of New Orleans who cried its sale under the name of 'Littery Digest.' I hope to continue to have it 'litter' my desk or reading table for many years to come."—*Letter from a reader in Des Moines.*

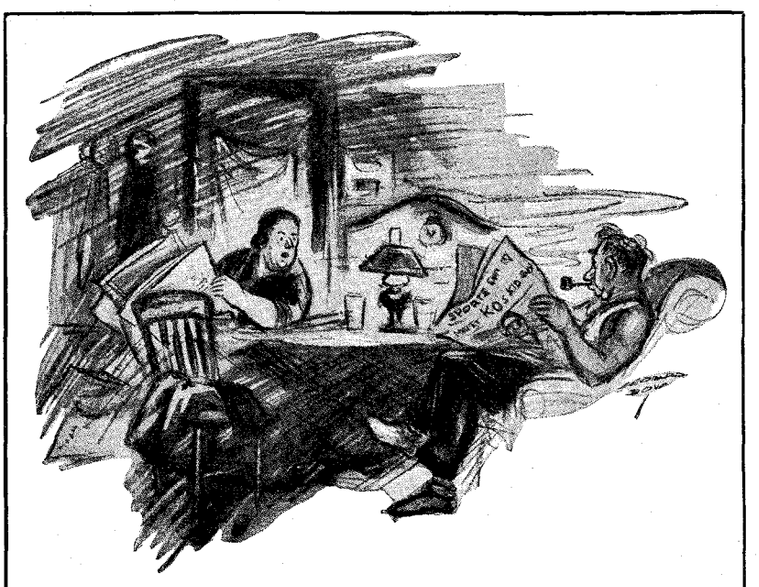
No Use for Science.—"Now, Mary, when you bathe the baby, be sure and use the thermometer to test the water."

Returning an hour later, the mistress asked: "Did you use the thermometer?"

"No, ma'm. I can tell without that. If it's too hot, the baby turns red, and if it's too cold, he'll turn blue."—*Great Northern Goat.*

All Corned Up.—A New York laboratory takes plain cornstalks, puts them through a special process, and in fifteen minutes they come out as stiff as a board. By familiarity with certain other corn products you can achieve approximately the same result yourself.—*Boston Herald.*

Too Much Static.—Fundamentally, a Cleveland doctor states, man is a sort of electric storage-battery. Bear this in mind, and when, at home, you are being told something you don't care to hear, remark: "My B battery has run down, I guess. You aren't coming in very strong."—*Detroit News.*



"Where's the Southampton news—Tom, are you sitting on that society section?"
—*The New Yorker.*

Amateur Buggy.—COOPER—"Honestly, now, you would never have thought this car of mine was one I had bought second-hand, would you?"

COLES—"Never in my life. I thought you had made it yourself."—*Answers.*

Inferiority Complex.—STORE MANAGER—"What do you mean by arguing with that customer? Don't you know our rule? The customer is always right."

FLOORWALKER—"I know it. But he insisted that he was wrong."—*American Legion Monthly.*

All Eyes for Old Dobbin.—A visitor to Hollywood met an old friend, now a movie director, who invited him to visit the studio, stating that during the next afternoon they expected to film Lady Godiva riding a horse down the boulevard.

"Sure, I'll come," said the friend; "it's a long time since I saw a horse."—*Hudson Star.*

Long-Lost Soul-Mate. — HE — "You haven't said a word for twenty minutes."

SHE—"Well, I didn't have anything to say."

HE—"Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?"

SHE—"No."

HE—"Well, then, will you be my wife?"—*Capper's Weekly.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Vegetable Paradise.—Beans of all kinds (including string beans, lima beans, cantaloupes, cucumbers, gourds, pumpkins and squashes).—*Ad in the Tampa Tribune.*

Nailing a Canard.—I was not running around any place in a purple kimona and pink slippers, as the papers asserted. I was fully clothed except for my dress and shoes.—*Card in Northtown (O.) Economist.*

Flew Backward?—L. C. Porteous mailed a letter to his sister, who lives in Long Beach, California, at 2 p. m. May 31. It arrived at its destination on May 23, at 9:30 a. m.—*Grande Prairie Herald.*

Stork Has the Pip.—Cradle Note.—5 in. salutes 1c each. 22 blanks, 2 boxes born at the Middlesex hospital this morning.—*Middletown (Conn.) paper.*

By the Light of the Moon.—Prof. M—— will give a talk on poultry stealing, a work of which he is at the head in the United States.—*Brockton Daily Enterprise.*

Knows His Eggs. — Sam W. Henn, one of the best-known poultry experts in the United States, will give a day to the poultry growers of this section on Tuesday. — *Osborne County (Kan.) Farmer.*

High Time.—Stuffed with a big collection of rare botanical specimens, Dr. E. Quisumbing of the bureau of science returned yesterday from a field trip.—*Manila Tribune.*

Almost a Life Term.—
DALLAS MAN
GETS 25 YEARS
IN INDIANA
—*Dallas Evening Journal.*

Knows Her Jugs.—The Boston woman on her arrival was attired in a white silk dress and a tremendous picture hat.

The next morning she gave Mrs. Phinny $2 and asked her to get a breakfast for her. At the same time she said, "This is the cleanest police station I have ever stopt in."—*Brockton Daily Enterprise.*

Why Not Show Washington in an Airplane?—"The new expanded movie just suits me, because I have long hugged a dream of a theme that is big enough for our now widened art. It is an epic of the American Revolution, built around the life of George Washington. Think of hearing the ice crack as he crosses the Delaware and the tremendous spectacle of the battle of Bull Run."—*From an interview with Edward Laemmle in the Hollywood News.*

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